

TIM

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of Art



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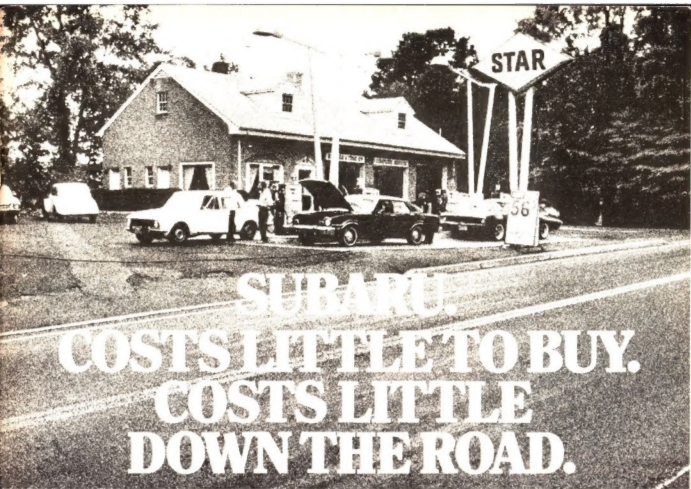
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A LETTER FROM THE PUBLISHER

Critics, according to some of their own critics, should not fraternize with the subjects of their criticism. *TIME* Senior Writer Robert Hughes does not agree. "The point is to learn more than you know before," he says, "and I've never met an artist who didn't shed some light on his or her own work." So, in preparing for his appraisal of Artist Robert Rauschenberg—who is not only the subject but also the designer of this week's cover, a collage commissioned by *TIME*—Hughes spent a week in Captiva, Fla., as a member of Rauschenberg's household. He later accompanied the artist to Washington, D.C., for the installation at the Smithsonian Institution of a huge retrospective of the Pop art patriarch's work.

"Rauschenberg is immensely outgoing," says Hughes, "just as his art is. His mind works in angular ways, full of ricochets and inventions."

Hughes quickly discovered that structured interviews were not the best way to explore Rauschenberg's multifaceted personality and past. The artist supplied his own approach. He took out catalogs containing his extensive collections of art memorabilia and souvenirs, as he turned the pages, he talked. "The art of the '70s," Hughes notes, "is eclectic: video, earthworks, landscape and straight painting are all part of it. Rauschenberg has done an extraordinary number of things with his life and his art. He is the great model of the multiplicity of this era."

Multiplicity is also a word that describes Hughes. A onetime architecture student and political cartoonist in his native Sydney, Australia, Hughes covered an art exhibit for a local paper one day in 1958 after the regular critic had

been fired. Since then, Hughes has been an art critic in Italy, Britain and, after joining *TIME* in 1970, the U.S. He has written two books—one on Australian art and one on images of paradise and perdition in Western art. He also has written several art documentaries for Australian television and for the BBC, most recently a pair of 75-minute programs on 17th century Painters Caravaggio and Rubens. Hughes' current projects include a book about Australia's early days as an English penal colony, and also a nine-part television series on 20th century art intended to pick up where Kenneth Clark's *Civilisation* left off. "It's nice when people agree with what you've written about art," says Hughes, who also knows what it is like to have readers disagree with him. "But nicest of all is when what you write triggers people to think things through in their own terms. For me, criticism is really just the invitation to the waltz." Readers can waltz with Hughes by turning to Art.

Ralph P. Davidson

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FORUM

Votes for a Vision

To the Editors:

Jerry Ford ran his campaign primarily on his record. Unfortunately for him, Jimmy Carter ran on what he will do, and the American people have decided they want to pin their hopes on a man with a vision to get America moving again [Nov. 15].

President Ford has nothing to be ashamed about. Morally, he gave us what we needed at the time he assumed office. But what America now needs is



a change—an energetic, thoughtful man—and America has chosen Jimmy Carter.

John Hill
Columbus

I voted for Carter. My team won and I should be rejoicing. But suddenly I have this funny feeling in the pit of my stomach.

Mrs. James P. Dunn
Summit, N.J.

With the election of Jimmy Carter as President, our long national sleepwalk is over.

Robert K. Fessler
Pittsburgh

The only bright spot is the prospect that Mr. Carter will conform to the age-old political practice of not living up to his campaign promises.

Donald R. Merucci
Pleasanton, Calif.

I am glad to see that the American people will still opt for the challenge in the hope of a change for the better, as they did 200 years ago when our nation was founded.

As I see it, the people who voted for Ford on Nov. 2 would have been the Tories in our fight for independence, clinging to safety, while those voting for Car-

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FORUM

ter would have been the Whigs, accepting the challenge because they knew that a change was desperately needed for survival.

Linda J. Zaleski
Pittsburgh

I am prepared to eat crow for a while, but I will never, ever eat peanut butter again.

Mary G. Wallace
Greenwich, Conn.

Just what this country needs: a vague, big-spending, fast-talking hill-billy redneck in the White House. May God help us.

James Helmer
Hoffman Estates, Ill.

Now that Carter has been elected President, his first order of business should be to declare a state of national emergency.

We certainly have a disaster.

Bill E. Hess
Whitewater, Wis.

Revenge for Watergate

Finally, the American people got their revenge against Richard Nixon for Watergate, and to get it they crucified a good, decent man whose only mistake was to pardon another human being for making a mistake.

I hope the crucifiers are now feeling much better.

José-Gerardo Becerra
Los Angeles

Rather than President Ford's pardon of Richard Nixon, it was the American electorate's defeat of Gerald Ford that has finally put the Watergate affair behind us.

Gene Kaufman
St. Paul

Watergate gave Ford the presidency and Watergate took it away.

Victor E. Hogg
Weston, Ont.

The End of the War

Maybe this is the end of the Civil War.

Clancy W. Pollock
Hagerstown, Md.

The South's revenge: Carter.

Margie Thompson
Rockford, Ill.

Once again the wishes of those of us who live in the Western portion of our country have been subordinated to those of the powerful voting coalitions in the South and the East. Their problems will continue as long as they maintain the illusion that more federal spending can solve their economic woes. A balanced budget is the only solution to these problems. Perhaps the states west

of the Mississippi should secede and allow the socialists to continue their movement in the East.

Linda Stow
Longmont, Colo.

Keeping Betty

Although I am an avid Democrat, attended the Democratic Convention and voted for Jimmy Carter, it almost broke my heart to see Betty lose.

Noel D. Hollis
New Bern, N.C.

Isn't there a way to keep Betty?

Bill Revell
Middletown, Conn.

Black Votes Won

Please inform President-elect James Carter that he still doesn't owe Philadelphia Mayor Frank Rizzo anything. It was the black vote that gave Carter Philadelphia and, in turn, Pennsylvania. For better or worse we did it for Carter, not Big Frank.

Albert Smith
Philadelphia

What an irony that some 85% of the blacks in the South voted for Jimmy Carter when they cannot worship in his church. I find that incomprehensible.

William L. Lockwood
East Lansing, Mich.

Who Are Leaders?

Your article on leadership [Nov. 8] is encouraging in that it shows a willingness to raise important questions rather than merely to report answers. But I detect an imbalance in your choice of conference participants.

Creative people like artists, playwrights, novelists and writers in other forms of fiction were excluded in favor of bank presidents and politicians. But are they not also leaders in our society?

Rick Chittum
Churchville, Va.

Picking up on one sentence by Richard Lyman, president of Stanford University, who detected "a pervasive unwillingness to take the time to understand the institutions we have developed," I would like to point out that students and faculty who have tried to understand the institutions and bring about changes have been labeled dissidents and troublemakers.

The peace movement is a fine example of attempting to understand the institutions and, after discovering the horrendous dilemma, trying to do something positive about it.

Pat D'Alessandro
Menlo Park, Calif.

In your article on leadership you included Elizabeth Hanford as one who had moved upward from Federal Trade

Commissioner by marrying Republican Vice-Presidential Candidate Robert Dole. Marriage is not ordinarily considered a job change—upward or downward. Does her status decrease now that it appears her husband will not be the Vice President?

Your implication is that for a woman, marriage to a public candidate is a much more impressive job than holding a position personally.

Susan Glazer
Horse Creek, Calif.

Your excellent article on leadership was quite incomplete. You gathered together a bunch of successful Establishment heroes and wrote about their opinions. Unfortunately, many of the real leaders in our present society are not in the Establishment but are often at odds with it.

If you really want to explore the concept of leadership, assemble a similar conference—only this time staff it with the leaders of street gangs, prison uprisings, wildcat strikers, guerrilla bands, terrorists, organized crime, etc.

Leadership that involves brute force is a very real, often too real, aspect of human society, and deserves as much, if not more investigation as the more elegant maneuvering of your gentle crew.

Donald A. Windsor
Norwich, N.Y.

None of the so-called leaders even suggested that the entire U.S. socioeconomic structure hangs precariously. The threat of anarchy, easily precipitated by a natural or contrived catastrophe (flood crisis, energy shortages, inability to communicate, epidemic disease, confiscation of private property by Big Business and/or Government, atomic blackmail by organized or unorganized crime) apparently remains remote to most leaders.

Are there no leaders who will at least acknowledge this powder keg over which we live?

Earl A. Schreiber
Winona, Minn.

Prize for Sanity

Even the Nobel Peace Prize is not a high enough award for Betty Williams and Mairead Corrigan of Belfast [Oct. 25].

How many of the previous Nobel winners ever risked their lives or those of their families on behalf of peace? They were usually government officials.

Betty and Mairead have, instead, the prize of worldwide admiration for their attempt to introduce sanity in another arena of fratricidal murder.

Herbert Maza, President
Institute for American Universities
Aix-en-Provence, France

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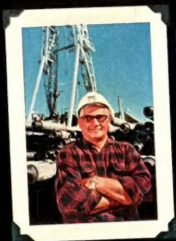
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THE TRANSITION

Mr. Outside Is Moving In

It was a setting straight out of *Gone With the Wind*—literally Georgia Senator Herman Talmadge's 143-year-old columned plantation house, set in a 2,500-acre pine forest and graced with magnolias, actually appeared in the film. Last week the place was the scene of a more modern drama as 16 Democratic leaders of Congress came calling to share grits and harmony with the first Deep Southerner to be elected President since the Civil War.

Not Humble. Rather than drag the whole group to remote Plains, Ga., Jimmy Carter instead deferentially flew up to the appropriately named town of Lovejoy, near Atlanta, braving heavy rains in a small Cessna 310. But Carter was far from a humble supplicant awed by his visitors. "Gentlemen," he told the legislators, "I want you to know that I'm going to be a good President. I have confidence in my own ability. I can run this nation." At another point in the private three-hour discussion, Carter declared, "I want no wars while I am President. I want to turn the economy around and I want a balanced budget in four years."

Meanwhile, however, the Carter takeover was moving slowly. He let it be known that he may make no decision on high-level posts until mid-December—rather than early December, as previously suggested. That slippage seemed to indicate that the Carter transition was running no more smoothly than have previous changeovers, despite earlier claims of an unusually fast and sure-footed start. Indeed, an aide con-

ceded that "we are essentially starting over on personnel." The reason, TIME has learned, is that Carter was unhappy with Atlanta Lawyer Jack Watson's work on personnel selection. Campaign Director Hamilton Jordan and his predominantly Georgia-oriented campaign team seem to have won a significant round in the fight for influence with Watson and the Ivy League, Northeastern Establishment types who dominate his transition staff.

Despite his self-confident assertiveness, it was clear back on the Talmadge estate that the President-elect was soliciting help and advice. Among those present were the men vying for the job of majority leader of the Senate—Favorite Robert Byrd and Hubert Humphrey—and the retiring leader, Mike Mansfield, plus the influential Edmund Muskie, Thomas ("Tip") O'Neill, certain to be House Speaker, was there with four key chairmen: Appropriations' George H. Mahon, Ways and Means' Al Ullman, Budget's Brock Adams and James J. Delaney, probable new Rules head.

Some System. Carter stressed three topics: Government reorganization, White House liaison with Capitol Hill and the role of Congress in foreign affairs. Of the last, he asked "How am I going to handle it? When I travel overseas, should I take Congressmen and Senators with me? I've got to come up with some kind of system where Congress is a part of this." Though he got no clear answer, he promised to go even



CARTER AIDES WATSON & JORDAN
Some slippage in the timetable.

beyond the kind of cooperation that existed in the late '40s and early '50s, when Republican Senator Arthur Vandenberg and Democratic Senator Walter George helped shape White House decisions.

As Carter moved to end the meeting, O'Neill broke in. "Wait a minute, Mr. President," he said. "I think we'd be terribly remiss if we don't talk about some package to stimulate the economy." "You're right," Carter said cautiously. "We've got to have some kind of action to give confidence to the people." But he did not endorse either a jobs program or a tax cut.

Noting that he would meet with President Ford in the White House early this week, Carter said he also hopes to talk with a number of ranking Repub-

THE PRESIDENT-ELECT & HIS VICE PRESIDENT (CENTER) WITH CAPITOL HILL DEMOCRATS AT TALMADGE RESIDENCE IN LOVEJOY, GA.



THE NATION

lican Congressmen. "I'm bitterly opposed to that," protested O'Neill. "I think that's a terrible mistake. All the Republicans have done is obstruct. They are our opposition. It's the worst thing you can do." Muskie agreed with Tip. But Carter would not yield entirely. Said he, "I'm interested in meeting with Rhodes, Anderson and Michel [respectively, the House minority leader, the head of the House Republican Conference and the minority whip]."

As Carter conferred through the week with Washington officialdom, the onetime "Mr. Outsider" noted with a grin: "I'm beginning to feel more like a

Washington insider." He was briefed in Plains by CIA Chief George Bush, and met with Secretary of State Henry Kissinger. Asked what he planned to tell Carter, Kissinger quipped: "I have spent so much time finding Plains on a map. I haven't had much time to think about what I would say."

Earlier, in his second full-scale press conference in two weeks, Carter appeared as controlled and presidential as in his meeting with the congressional Democrats. Speaking in the auditorium of the Georgia Agriculture Experiment Station in Plains, he announced only one appointment—an expected one Jody

A Bigger but Cheaper Bash

Those inaugural balls will be known simply as "parties." Partygoers will be admitted for under \$25, instead of paying up to \$1,000. Most of the parade route will be open to the public, free of charge; the usual tickets, at as much as \$50, will not be required. When he is sworn in as President, Jimmy Carter will wear a dark business suit rather than a formal cutaway.

Those are just some of the ideas already adopted by a team of Inauguration planners headed by Washington Attorney Baryl R. Tirana, 38, a Carter campaign aide. The object is to make the incoming President look more like

DANCING AT GEORGIA INAUGURAL (1971)



a man of the people than did his immediate predecessors. Between 300,000 and 400,000 guests are to be invited to the Jan. 20 festivities—including virtually everybody who in any way helped Carter on his long march to victory. The prospect gives some cause for alarm (see page 10). But the Carter team hopes those who attend will have fun. There are plans to hold as many mass parties—at least six—as the size of the crowd requires. Carter intends to stop in at each one. The capital's museums and tourist attractions are being asked to stay open late to accommodate visitors. Says Tirana, "We want everybody, regardless of what party they belong to, to feel they are welcome in Washington."

Despite inflation, the planners expect to cut the overall Inauguration costs by one-fourth—from the roughly \$4 million Nixon spent in 1973 to \$3 million. Instead of asking private businesses to furnish automobiles and oil companies to donate free gasoline, Carter's aides are announcing that private donations up to \$5,000 will be accepted to finance these and other expenses—a limitation meant to exclude undue influence from wealthy corporations. Initial financing will come mostly from a \$500,000 advance from Pennsylvania's Franklin Mint on the sale of souvenir inaugural medals, bearing Carter's likeness. The sales may eventually net the inaugural committee \$1 million.

Behind the scenes, a gentle family tug of war seems to be under way. "Just plain Jimmy" is not fond of black-tie dress for those nighttime parties; let alone the white-tie-and-tails costuming of inaugural balls. But Wife Rosalynn, out of understandable sentiment, is apparently determined to wear the same blue satin gown she wore on the evening of her husband's inauguration as Governor of Georgia in 1971. That would mean Jimmy would have to dress up too. Intimates are betting that Rosalynn will win.



INCOMING PRESS SECRETARY POWELL
The first visit was auspicious.

Powell, 33, will continue as his press secretary in the White House.

Powell got a taste of what the job can do to its holder's temperament when he paid a courtesy call on Presidential Press Secretary Ron Nessen at the White House last week. Though Nessen asked reporters not to question Powell, they did so anyway. "This is my office!" Nessen erupted. "This is the taxpayers' office!" a reporter shouted back. "Call the I.P.S.!" Nessen ordered his secretary. Tempers cooled before the White House's Executive Protective Service was summoned, but, as Powell observed dryly, "I thought it was auspicious that in my first visit to the White House, I could watch the press secretary tell a reporter to f--- off."

Just Fluff. Carter made it clear that Vice President-elect Walter Mondale and Jordan would be his two closest advisers when the final decisions are made on the key appointments. Jordan retracted an earlier statement that to have familiar figures like former Deputy Defense Secretary Cyrus Vance in the Cabinet would represent a failure for the President-elect. At the same time, he emphasized, "If, however, everyone in the Carter Government had been here before, I think we would have failed." Jordan added that for every major position, Carter wants at least one minority figure and one woman to be listed.

In trying to locate talent, Transition Chief Watson, who had reserved a \$150,000 budget out of campaign funds, disappointed the Carter camp. Said one aide, "The transition just wasn't happening." Some of Watson's papers on the transition were described as "just fluff" by this aide. They're about what you'd expect from a group of graduate students with several months and \$150,000.

000 to spend," he said. Much of the criticism centered on Watson's personnel lists, which one aide described as unfocused and deficient in political judgment. The lists were apparently computerized to the point of being almost useless. Said Jordan: "There's no point in cranking up the computer to spit out Cy Vance's name. We know who Cy Vance is." Some Carter campaign aides also criticized Watson's selection of Anthony Lake, a former aide to Henry Kissinger who claims his telephone was

tapped at Kissinger's direction, as the Carter transition liaison with the State Department. Whether Carter shares that dissatisfaction is not known.

Take Charge. Jordan was assigned to take charge of the personnel hunt, although Watson was left in charge of preparing Carter's alternative budget for next year. Powell quickly downplayed the shake-up and its unfavorable implications for Watson. Carter is "always dissatisfied with some of the work everyone does, including me and Hamilton,"

said Powell. "Overall, he was pleased."

The outcome of the muted struggle may also say something important about the President-elect. He obviously liked and trusted Watson. Yet the moment Carter concluded that Watson's performance in a particular area was not up to his lofty expectations, he did not hesitate to move him out of that area. There may be as much steel in the new President of the U.S. as his detractors had suspected and his admirers had approvingly anticipated.

THE PRESIDENCY/HUGH SIDY

Danger: Residuators at Work

James H. Boren has been sitting beside his Washington telephone waiting for Jimmy Carter to call. Unless there is some contact within the next few days, Boren and his followers will assume that the coming Administration is headed toward trouble, another victim of the federal bureaucracy.

"Any President who sets foot in this town without a full briefing on dynamic inaction, decision-postponement patterns and creative status quo cannot go very far," says Boren. "I've studied Carter, and I think he has great potential if he will just listen. If he does not, he will be residuated" into oblivion. Carter must understand that in this city we cut red tape lengthwise. He should know the difference between vertical and linear mumble (a mumble can never be quoted). After all, bureaucrats are the only people in the world who can say absolutely nothing and mean it."

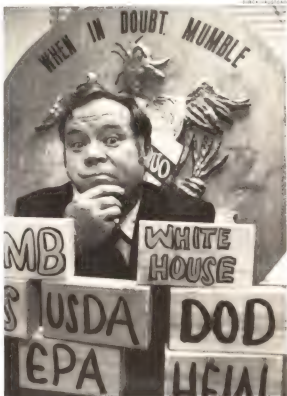
In any other city, Boren would be little more than a lovable prankster. But his continuing spoof of bureaucratic outrages has hit the mark so well that he has gained semi-status by using one of his own dicta: "If you can't beat them, don't just join them, lead them."

A Ph.D. from the University of Texas and a nine-year bureaucrat, Boren is now head of an engineering and design firm but spends half his time lecturing, writing books and otherwise flourishing as "Founder, President and Chairperson of the Board of the International Association of Professional Bureaucrats (INATAPROBU)." He has an office in the National Press Building, a supply of wall-poster maxims ("Nothing is impossible until it is sent to a committee") and an estimated 970.38 enthusiastic members in 17.3 countries. They have dinners, annual meetings ("If you don't have anything to do, do it with style") and seminars ("Bureaucrats never change the course of the ship of state, they simply adjust the compass"), and occasionally present learned treatises among themselves ("On Capturing the Bold Spirit of Irresolution").

Boren predicts new life for his movement with the coming of the Carter people. Carter has pledged to reorganize the Government, and many of Boren's terms and analytical devices may be put to new use. "The measurement of the gestation period of an original thought in a bureaucracy is still pending," he points out. One Boren policymaking imperative could be established at places like the Brookings Institution. It goes: "When a bureaucrat makes a mistake and continues to make it, it usually becomes the new policy."

Publishers, Boren exults, may now have to accept some of his new words. Take "fuzzify." That is a verb that he defines as "the presentation of a matter in terms that permit adjustable interpretation. Particularly useful when the fuzzifier does not know what he or she is talking about, or when the fuzzifier wants to enunciate a non-position in the form of a po-

Residue: a Borenverb meaning to burrow into a fixed, immovable position while maintaining a low profile. Residuation is a survival practice often used by bureaucrats during changes of Administration.



BUREAUCRACY DISSECTOR BOREN IN HIS NATIONAL PRESS CLUB OFFICE

sition." Adds Boren: "One must always remember that freedom from action and freedom from purpose constitute the philosophical bases of creative bureaucracy."

If Boren never makes it to the new President's side, he may do just as much good with the underlings. Says he: "Real bureaucratic leaders, of course, are always second in line, because they shove someone else out front to test the water. The one out front usually bears the title of special assistant."

He is a little worried about Carter's seemingly humble posture. "After all," says Boren, "pomposity is the seat of bureaucratic power." But with a snort, a wave and a chuckle, Boren goes on his rounds through the changing city. He even has some tax advice for Carter. Noting that as more bureaucrats come into existence, there are fewer and fewer taxpayers to support them, INATAPROBU has proposed worldwide tax reform that would give tax incentives to the decreasing number of taxpayers to encourage them to work harder to support the increasing number of those who do not work.

Then again, muses Boren, "study a problem long enough and it may go away. If you are going to be a phony, be sincere about it."



INVESTIGATIONS

Koreagate on Capitol Hill?

The buzz words, like "stonewall" and "limited hangout," have not resurfaced—at least not yet. But there is an unmistakable sniff of Watergate wafting over the Hydra-headed investigations of exported South Korean corruption currently under way in Washington. The White House cover-up to protect its guilty is still fresh in everyone's memory. Yet here is the Legislative Branch displaying, at the very least, a marked lack of enthusiasm to get to the bottom of a scandal that could badly tarnish Congress.

New Revelations. So far the scandal has been focused on cash gifts to U.S. politicians who might have clout in decisions involving aid to the Park Chung Hee regime in South Korea. New revelations continue to reinforce the impression that, as one congressional leader admitted, "there's a lot of Korean money around, and a lot of guys are involved." Among the main figures in the federal probes of Korean influence peddling former Representative Richard Hanna of California, a silent partner in an import-export business run by Tongsun Park, a Washington-based Korean businessman with a yen for winning friends in high places; Louisiana Democrat Otto Passman, a longtime Park crony, and former New Jersey Congressman Cornelius Gallagher. Meanwhile, on another front, there are charges that the Korean Central Intelligence Agency (KCIA) has been carrying out both open and "black" (undercover) operations in the U.S. on a broad scale.

According to Korean dissidents in the U.S. and Washington officials, the KCIA maintains at least 30 acknowledged agents in the U.S., operating mainly out of embassies and consulates. They can call on the services of 400 or more Korean businessmen, students and professors willing to perform undercover jobs. The operation of such a spy network on U.S. soil by a foreign power—even a friendly one—is illegal, not-

withstanding the fact that the U.S.'s own CIA has done much the same abroad.

One graphic account of KCIA activity was related last week to TIME Chicago Bureau Chief Benjamin Cate by Jai Hyon Lee, a former South Korean cultural and press attaché in Washington. Lee fell out with the Park regime and was granted asylum in the U.S. in 1973. In that year, says Lee, now an associate professor of journalism at Western Illinois University, the KCIA effectively took over the South Korean embassy. KCIA men began to hold daily "orientation" sessions in which diplomats, says Lee, were directed "to organize businessmen" in support of the Park government and to "seduce Congressmen" with influence on U.S.-Korean relations.

Lee insists he once saw then Ambassador Kim Dong Jo stuffing \$100 bills into white envelopes. Kim's attaché case was "bulging with bundles of \$100 bills. There must have been several hundred thousand dollars in that briefcase. It was an astonishing sight." Says Lee:

THE NATION

"I asked him where he was going," Kim, looking as if the question were naive, replied: "To the Capitol." Lee is convinced the money was intended for Congressmen and other officials.

Little Interest. Lee says it was common for the KCIA to hand junketeering Congressmen cash-filled envelopes to compensate them for their own and their wives' personal expenses on trips to South Korea. Thus the Congressmen could properly record and pay for their wives' expenses without being out of pocket at all. Lee, following his defection after 20 years of government service, testified to the FBI in 1973, but his allegations began to arouse interest only last summer, when a House International Relations subcommittee, headed by Minnesota Congressman Donald Fraser, again quizzed Lee. Fraser got the Justice Department to open its investigation of Korean bribery.

For all of its zeal, the KCIA is regarded in Washington as a ham-handed offspring of the U.S. CIA—which has helped finance the KCIA in the past. The KCIA does not bother to gather intelligence from South Korea's closest enemy, North Korea. Aside from its efforts to buy influence in U.S. political circles, its main mission seems to be to suppress criticism of the Park regime at home and abroad, notably in the U.S., which has big Korean populations in Los Angeles, New York City and Washington. The FBI has been probing—so far inconclusively—complaints by Korean dissidents in the U.S. of KCIA harassment through threatening phone calls and other bullyboy tactics.

The Seoul regime's influence-peddling efforts in the U.S. stem from an understandable worry about its American connection. Under constant threat from the North, the South Koreans depend for survival on their U.S. ties—and those have seemed less secure in recent years. The Park government's political activity in the U.S. began in 1970, after the Nixon Administration announced it would

PARK (WEARING GLASSES) WITH DINNER GUESTS IN HIS WASHINGTON MANSION



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cut American forces in Korea from 60,000 to 40,000 troops. Fretful about a Jimmy Carter campaign pledge to pull out more troops and perhaps cut economic aid as well, the Koreans kept up their U.S. political activity this year until adverse publicity forced them to pull back.

Focal Point. Seoul still denies any connection with Tongsun Park, the partygiving Washington rice broker who remains a focal point of the investigations. But federal probes believe the regime ordered the millionaire mystery man, last reported shuttling between Japan and Great Britain, to stay clear of both the U.S. and South Korea. Should Park decide never to return to the U.S., as seems possible, he would be leaving behind considerable assets—including two homes, a business building and the George Town Club, where he has done much of his Washington entertaining. He also had a \$249,000 secret interest in a new Washington bank called the Diplomat National, according to a front man who held some of the Park stock—another facet in the still murky picture of Korean money and political muscle in the U.S.

One reason that picture has been developing so slowly is that influential Congressmen have been trying to thwart investigations of Korean activity by the departments of Justice and Agriculture—both of which depend upon Congress for appropriations. Should a Watergate-style Special Prosecutor be assigned to probe the Korean quagmire, as some observers suggest? So far, there has been little sign of congressional zeal for self-policing. Some months ago, a witness in the FBI investigation tried to tell a House Ethics Committee member what he knew about the Korean case. The Congressman refused to listen. His excuse: whatever he heard might prejudice him if the Ethics Committee should some day decide to take up the Korean matter.



FORMER AMBASSADOR KIM DONG JO
Briefcase bulging with bills.



SMILING PATTY TALKING TO NEWSMEN AFTER HER RELEASE FROM PRISON ON BAIL

CRIME

Patty's Million Dollar Release

She was smiling radiantly—the glowing, cover-girl smile remembered from the days before her troubles all began. To celebrate the occasion, she was stylishly dressed in gaucho pants, a dark, pin-stripe vest and a white blouse, and she was ebullient when she made a brief and jaunty appearance in San Francisco before the newsmen—some of whom applauded—who had covered her story for so long. "It would feel a lot better if I were home right now," she said. Moments later, that was precisely where she was headed. After 14 months in jail, Patty Hearst, 22, was released last week on \$1.5 million bail, pending the resolution of legal actions still involving her.

Under normal circumstances, Patty would probably have been freed on bail long ago, but there has been nothing normal about her case since she was seized on Feb. 4, 1974, by members of the Symbionese Liberation Army. When she was captured in September 1975, Judge Oliver J. Carter denied her bail, fearing she might run away before her federal trial for bank robbery. Convicted on March 20 and later sentenced to seven years, she was still refused bail during her appeals.

Patty cooperated with federal authorities in building the case that convicted S.L.A. Members William and Emily Harris, her traveling companions, on charges stemming from a shoot-up at Mel's Sporting Goods Store in Los Angeles in May 1974. While Patty was behind bars, her lawyers declared that she was receiving threats from S.L.A. sympathizers and argued more strenuously than ever that she should be bailed out, maintaining that she would be safer under private guard at home. Earlier this month there were reports that Patty was throwing temper tantrums in the

Federal Youth Center in Pleasanton, Calif. She was also said to be upset by the attention paid her by young female prisoners, who made her a cult heroine of the left. Patty demanded to be moved, and on Nov. 9 was transferred to San Diego's Metropolitan Correctional Center, where she occupied a small, neat cell by herself and washed dishes and made coffee for the inmates.

Last week, after her lawyers stepped up their campaign to have her released, U.S. District Court Judge William Orrick agreed that Patty should be freed. Orrick declared that the stringent conditions he had demanded "will reasonably assure that she will not flee" before her appeal is acted upon.

Closely Guarded. In effect, Randolph Hearst had to guarantee that he would pay \$1.5 million if his daughter became a fugitive. Orrick also insisted that Patty live with her parents, report to the authorities by phone every Monday and Thursday morning, see a probation officer once a month and get the court's permission before leaving the state. Patty will be guarded closely by both private and federal agencies. Four husky private guards were waiting when she was whisked home to Nob Hill in the family's gray Mercedes-Benz.

Aside from the appeal pending on her federal bank robbery conviction, Patty is to be tried in Los Angeles on Jan. 10 on state charges stemming from the incident at Mel's Sporting Goods Store. She is also expected to testify against the Harrises during their trial on charges of kidnapping her. But all that is in the future. Last week Patty was home, and Randolph Hearst described the family's feelings very simply: "We're delighted," he said, "and she's glad to be back."

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CITIES

The Elderly: Prisoners of Fear

When they go out—if they go out—they listen anxiously for the sound of footsteps hurrying near, and they eye every approaching stranger with suspicion. As they walk, some may clutch a police whistle in their hands. More often, especially after the sun sets, they stay at home, their world reduced to the confines of apartments that they turn into fortresses with locks and bars on every window and door. They are the elderly who live in the slums of the nation's major cities. Many are poor. White or black, they share a common fear—that they will be attacked, tortured or murdered by the teen-age hoodlums who have coolly singled out old people as the easiest marks in town. Except in a few cases, police statisticians do not have a separate category for crimes against the elderly. But law-enforcement officials across the nation are afraid that such crimes may be growing in number and becoming more vicious in nature. TIME correspondents surveyed the plight of the elderly in three cities. Their reports:

NEW YORK: Charlie's Anguish. The couple inched painfully from Fordham Road into a wasteland of The Bronx. Clinging to each other for support, the old man and woman mounted a curb and struggled for a moment while she regained her balance. Then, slowly, they went on. Watching them shuffle into the shadows of late afternoon, Detective Donald Gaffney sighed heavily and said, "There goes prime meat."

In other rundown sections all over New York City, the elderly are indeed prime targets. Their chief tormentors are young thugs, who have even mugged a 103-year-old woman, stealing from her a couple of dollars' worth of groceries. In Gaffney's district, about 97% of the offenders are black, and 95% of the victims are white women—usually Jews who have stubbornly stayed on in once comfortable apartments while the neighborhood deteriorated around them. "Fagin wouldn't last up here for half an hour," said Gaffney. "He'd be calling us."

The blacks prey primarily on the whites not for racial reasons but because they are convinced that the old people have money stashed away somewhere—hidden in old shoe boxes, tucked under mattresses. The young hoods operate in raiding teams of three or four, or as many as ten. Typically, they have a morning "shape-up" in a local schoolyard to plan what they call a "crib job," because it is as easy as taking money from a baby.

The team will send its youngest, most innocent-looking member, often an eleven- or twelve-year-old, into a bank to spot a likely victim, a woman, say, who is cashing a money order or a

Social Security check. When she leaves the building, only one member of the gang will follow her closely so as not to arouse her suspicions. The others trail far behind. When she gets into the elevator in her apartment house, two or three will catch up and board it with her and get off at the floor below hers. Then, as she unlocks her door, they will suddenly appear in the corridor and shove her inside the apartment.

If threats do not succeed in producing valuables, one member of the gang will beat her—often someone under the age of 16 and thus a juvenile in the eyes of the law. The rights of juveniles are so well protected that it is next to impossible to send them away for any length of time. About 75% of the juveniles apprehended in The Bronx and brought into family court have been arrested before and let go, frequently several times over. Knowing how weak the laws are, many elderly victims refuse to prosecute their attackers, fearing that the hoodlums will soon be back on the street and might pay them a second and even more vicious call.

As a result, old people—black and white alike—live like prisoners in the decaying sections of the city. One woman was even afraid to put out her trash; she stuffed it in plastic bags, which she stored in a spare room. When one room would fill up, she would seal it off and start filling up another. At times she lived on candy bars, tossing coins out of a window to children who would go to the store for her. Visiting The Bronx, a reporter from the New York Times talked to Clara Engelmann, 64, who had moved her bed into the foyer of her apartment and slept fully dressed so she could dash out the door the next time someone tried to break into her bedroom—which had happened three times before. "They're not human," she cried. "They're not human."

To try to cope with the special problems of the elderly, New York police have set up senior citizen robbery units in all five boroughs. One of the units' main jobs is to persuade old people to bring charges against their attackers. The police make special arrangements to eliminate the tedium and confusion of court appearances. Detectives also lecture groups of old people on how to survive in the city (e.g., don't go home if you think you're being followed—find a cop). In addition, the police have created a few "safe corridors" for the elderly thoroughfares in shopping districts that are heavily patrolled. Civic-minded youths, mostly high school students, have helped further by volunteering to escort old people to stores and social clubs.

The police are convinced that some progress is being made, but it is



BRONX WOMAN IN WELL-LOCKED APARTMENT





HIGH SCHOOL VOLUNTEERS CONVOYING A GROUP OF ELDERLY WOMEN DOWN A BRONX STREET
"Fagin wouldn't last up here for half an hour. He'd be calling us."

painfully slow. So far this year, although some 600 apartment robberies have been investigated in The Bronx, only 82 arrests have been made. Voluntary agencies do what they can to ease the plight of the elderly, but the scope of the problem is overwhelming.

TIME Correspondent Mary Cronin last week paid a visit to the victim of one of the hundreds of robberies that are still unsolved. Charles Bertisch, 87, is a huge, hearty man who lives with a dozen cats in a cluttered Bronx basement apartment that he has occupied since 1911. The once prosperous neighborhood is now an age-blackened slum of begrimed apartment buildings lining rubbish-choked streets.

One morning Bertisch opened the door to let out Peggy, his dog, for her regular 10 a.m. walk. Says he: "The next thing I knew, I was here on the floor. Eight Puerto Ricans piled in and started hitting me with broom handles. They hit poor Peggy on the head with a hammer. They picked through this drawer and found \$60 worth of quarters. Then one of them bent over me with a knife, holding it to my throat. 'Shall I kill him now?' he asked another guy. And the other guy said, 'No, the boss doesn't want him hurt.'"

They left Bertisch on the floor, his cats meowing around him. "Peggy was washing my face with her tongue," he recalls. It was 6 p.m. before he was able to struggle to his feet.

Now Charlie Bertisch, no longer so hearty and outgoing, has turned his place into a fortress. The day after the attack, Detective Gaffney came over with a load of plywood and, at Bertisch's request, nailed up all the windows. "That'll keep people from throwing fire bombs in," said Bertisch. He rarely goes out, getting food deliveries from a delicatessen, paying by check. Next year, he says, he plans to move. "There is no law here."

said Charlie Bertisch. "I'm even afraid for the police."

CHICAGO: "Where Can I Live?" On the South Side, old people in the ancient apartment buildings look out of their windows early in the month, when the Social Security checks are arriving, and see the knots of young toughs keeping watch. On the West Side, gatherings of the elderly break up by 4 p.m. so that everyone can get home before dark. Walter Bishop, 72, a retired dry-cleaning worker, remembers how "on nice days and nights we used to take strolls and walks and things. Now I wouldn't go anywhere without a car. And after dark I don't go any place."

According to a recent survey by the Chicago Planning Council on Aging, 41% of the city's \$18,000 residents over 60 feel that crime is their most serious concern. "Statistically speaking," says Robert J. Ahrens, director of the Mayor's office for senior citizens, "the elderly aren't victims of crime more often than other age groups. But the effects are much more severe. If a young woman is knocked down during a purse snatching, she gets up with a few bruises. If an 80-year-old woman is knocked down, she could suffer a broken hip, have to enter a nursing home, and risk losing her independence."

That is exactly what happened to one 72-year-old woman. A year ago, neighbors found her lying in her bathtub, blood clotted on her head, a stocking twisted around her neck, and her arms thrusted behind her. She had lain there for two days. The next day, the doctors amputated one arm; recently they had to remove the other.

Some elderly people fight back. Not long ago, Gertrude Booker, 75, wrestled a husky teen-age purse snatcher to the ground before she decided that her pocketbook, which contained only bus fare,

THE NATION

really was not worth fighting for. Janet Gilbert, 70, has taken karate lessons and is determined to go out after dark although she has been held up twice.

The residents of a public-house project in a decaying area known as "Uptown" live under siege. Like combat soldiers, they recount story after story of how their friends have fallen victim to attacks: a deaf woman in her 90s who was mugged and cut on her forehead, another neighbor who broke a hip when she was knocked to the ground. Ann Lewis, 77, a spirited white-haired widow, was recently knocked down right in front of the main entrance to the project by two twelve-year-olds and dragged by her purse strap. "The fright has gone to my stomach," she said. "I'm scared. But I can't afford to live any place else. Tell me: where can I go? Where can I live?"

OAKLAND: The 17c Slaying. At first glance, everything looks quite normal. The rows of frame or stucco houses are cheerfully painted, the hedges neatly trimmed, the yards well kept, the whole neighborhood clean and tidy in the warm afternoon sun. But where are all the people? The streets are virtually deserted, the blinds drawn, the casement windows fortified with heavy iron grates. The section is an enclave in the slum of East Oakland, and the houses, owned mostly by elderly retirees, are preyed upon by teen-age thugs.

There is no explaining the cruelty of some attacks. Hildur Archibald, 90, probably did not see well enough to identify the assailant who invaded her home in July, and she surely did not have enough strength to resist. She was found lying on the floor of her bedroom, dead of multiple knife wounds. Robbery was the apparent motive, yet police confess they are not sure what was taken.

Elsie McIntosh, 72, was walking beside her apartment building last month when a 16-year-old boy ran past and grabbed her purse. She was knocked to the ground, injuring her head. Four hours later she was dead. Her pocketbook had contained 17c.

By dogged work, Oakland police have managed to put away a score of the members of one black gang, Wolfpack I, that systematically terrorizes East Oakland's residents last winter. But most of the dozen or so raiders who were under the age of 18 when they were convicted will probably be back on the streets within a few weeks, because of relatively light sentences.

"It's a sad commentary that the only way of stopping crime is locking up the offenders," says Howard Janzen, 33, a deputy district attorney in Alameda County. "But there are not only two solutions: letting them run wild and hurt more people, or locking them up." Given that choice, the elderly in Oakland—and other major cities—would have no trouble picking the solution.



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ASPEN



CANADA

Quebec: Not Doomsday, But a Shock

Honking auto convoys coursed through the streets of Montreal last week, blaring a cacophonous chorus of triumph. At the city's temple of hockey, the Forum, 16,000 fans had louder cheers for news of the election results than for goals scored by their beloved Canadiens. At Paul Sauve Arena in the city's Francophone North End, 6,000 supporters of the *Parti Québécois* wept, cheered and sang "Tomorrow belongs to us..." as *Péquist*e Party Leader René Lévesque, 54, appeared to claim victory. In an extraordinary election that could affect Canada's future as a nation, Quebec voters had chosen as Premier a man whose party is committed to leading the 6 million citizens of the predominantly French-speaking province out of the 109-year-old confederation. Straining to contain his feelings, Lévesque issued a choked declaration: "We hope, in friendship with our fellow citizens in Canada, to arrive at giving us the country that Quebec is."

The election was a catastrophic defeat for lanky, Harvard-educated Liberal Premier Robert Bourassa. In 1973 his party won 102 of the 110 seats in Quebec's legislature and 55% of the total vote by campaigning single-mindedly against the threat of *l'indépendance* represented by Lévesque and the *Parti Québécois*. This time Lévesque and his followers took 41% of the vote and 69 legislative seats, including Bourassa's own riding in Montreal. The Liberals, with 34% of the vote, were reduced to a humiliating 28 seats, partly because the anti-*Péquist*e vote was split with the once dormant *Union Nationale*, a conservative, largely rural party that captured eleven seats in the House.

Masterly Campaign. The results stunned the entire country. From Ottawa, Pierre Elliott Trudeau—a Quebecer and a bitter enemy of separatism—immediately appeared on nationwide television, grimly asserting that "Mr. Lévesque and his party have been granted a mandate to form a government in the province, not to separate that province from the rest of the country. I can only assume the *Parti Québécois* will govern while respecting the letter and spirit of the Canadian constitution."

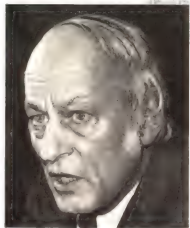
Lévesque is still committed to separatism for Quebec, but his masterly campaign strategy was built around barely mentioning the independence issue. After the 1973 election debacle, the *Péquistes* had soft-pedaled their platform calling for immediate separation, promising instead to honor the results of a popular referendum to be held with-

in two years of taking office. In the campaign, Lévesque concentrated on attacking Bourassa's Liberals for economic mismanagement, ineptitude and untrustworthiness. Said Lévesque repeatedly through the campaign: "Our first aim will be to create the best provincial government possible."

Debatable Means. An aloof technocrat who married into one of the province's wealthiest families, Bourassa had done nearly everything he could to squander his huge majority. This year Quebec will have a \$1 billion deficit, the largest in provincial history. The province's 10.1% unemployment rate is one of the highest in Canada. Bourassa's government also appeared impotent in handling public service strikes and was tarred by an investigation of corruption in the provincial construction industry. It did not help matters when an English-speaking Liberal candidate in Montreal denounced his own Premier during the campaign as "one of the most despised men in the province."

One of the significant factors in sealing Bourassa's fate was reaction to his government's controversial Official Language Act. A badly handled effort

to draw support away from the separatists, the law was designed to protect the language and culture of Quebec's 4.8 million French-speaking citizens against the surrounding North American sea of English. But the means were debatable: ordering all schoolchildren who could not speak English into



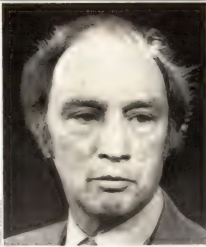
PREMIER-ELECT RENÉ LÉVESQUE





LOSER ROBERT BOURASSA

A defeat for the Liberals, and promises that nothing would change.



PRIME MINISTER PIERRE ELLIOTT TRUDEAU

French-language schools. Language tests were imposed to back up the law, and the government reserved the power to limit the growth of the province's English-language schools. The measure outraged not only Quebec's 800,000 English-speaking citizens but also 400,000 recent immigrants from Europe, who were angry that their children were being forced into French schools.

After the first shock of Lévesque's victory, Canadians regained a wary composure. Stock markets in Toronto and Montreal staggered briefly, then recovered. Businessmen in Quebec declared that they would await the new government's fiscal and economic poli-

cies before deciding what action to take. Politicians elsewhere in Canada were cautious in commenting, although British Columbia Human Resources Minister Bill Vander Zalm observed, "I wouldn't lose any sleep if they separate."

At his first press conference, Lévesque tried to reassure Canadians that when the critical vote on separating came—in "the next two, two-and-a-half years or whatever"—he would play fair. There would be only one referendum on the issue during the government's statutory five-year term. Beforehand, there would be a "complete opening of the books" on the economics of independence, and Quebecers

THE WORLD

would have "a serene, well-thought-out chance to choose the future." In a canny symbolic gesture, Lévesque also said that members of his government would honor a practice fiercely objected to by some *Péquistes* and Liberal legislators in the past: swearing allegiance to Queen Elizabeth II, Canada's head of state.

Doomsday Thinkers. Despite Lévesque's soothing words, Canadians have every reason for disquiet. At the moment, polls show that probably no more than 20% of Quebecers would vote for separation; yet with all the resources of the provincial government at his disposal, Lévesque has increased his party's persuasive abilities. He will be able to stage-manage confrontations with Ottawa in order to make it appear that Quebec would be better off on its own. If a majority voted yes in a referendum, Canada could even be "Pakistaniized": the economically depressed Maritimes might be separated from Ontario and the western provinces by more than 300 miles of alien territory. The economic shock would be just as great, since Quebec accounts for fully 23.3% of Canada's G.N.P. With the secession of Quebec, the north-south affinities of the Atlantic provinces and British Columbia might lead them to make overtures to the U.S. for some form of economic union. The possibilities have been discussed by local doomsday thinkers

—now all 23 million Canadians must give them thought.

Broadcaster with Itchy Feet

"When I'm involved in a project, I try to be as logical as possible. But as for what's going to happen to me personally, I'm no good at figuring the options."

Most Canadians could endorse at least the second part of that self-analysis by Quebec's Premier-elect René Lévesque, 54. Once a firebrand Cabinet minister in the federalist Liberal government of Quebec, he was even considered by some—in much earlier days—as a possible candidate for Prime Minister of Canada. Now the voluble, hyperactive Lévesque says that anyone who does not believe his separatist *Parti Québécois* is determined to seek national independence is "daydreaming."

Passionately articulate on Quebec, Lévesque is intensely guarded in his private life. By temperament he is a loner with few close friends. Separated for the past six years from his wife, he lavishes attention on his three young children. Born in the bucolic Gaspé Peninsula region of Quebec, Lévesque left law school in 1943 to serve with the U.S. Office of War Information as a European radio correspondent. In the 1950s he moved on to television and speedily became the most popular news commentator in

Quebec. Lévesque's pouchy eyes, nervous mannerisms and accompanying fog of cigarette smoke became his trademarks—along with a gift for popularizing abstract issues.

Recruited by the Liberals in 1960, Lévesque became Minister of Natural Resources within a year. He earned the nickname "René the Red" in conservative, English-speaking business circles by pushing through a controversial nationalization of Quebec's hydroelectric industry. One friend with whom Lévesque spent many heated nights discussing the hydro scheme was Pierre Elliott Trudeau, then a law professor at the University of Montreal.

Lévesque frequently displays a fierce temper. In one encounter with hydro executives, he slammed his fist through a glass desktop. What Lévesque's fellow Liberals found even more unsettling was his increasingly outspoken contempt for Canada's federal system. Said Lévesque, "I am first a *Québécois* and secondly—with rather growing doubt—a Canadian."

Lévesque claims he arrived at separatism "bit by bit, without even noticing." But his breaking point with the



Liberals came in 1967, shortly after Charles de Gaulle outraged Ottawa with his famous cry of "*Vive le Québec libre!*" Lévesque was squashed by the party after he presented a plan for more social, economic and political

autonomy for Quebec within an altered Canadian union.

A year later he founded the *Parti Québécois*. Lévesque's moderate approach to separatism through the ballot box managed to survive Canadian revulsion during the October Crisis of 1970, when separatist terrorists kidnapped British Trade Commissioner James Cross and murdered the province's Labor Minister, Pierre Laporte.

Lévesque's method of separatism involves an amicable divorce between Canada and Quebec. The two countries would negotiate a customs union and the type of monetary arrangement planned—but never achieved, for the Common Market. Domestically, Quebec would vaguely be "social democratic" along Scandinavian lines. For now, Lévesque is less interested in discussing specifics than in achieving his goal of independence. After that, he implies, many of the problems will solve themselves.

LEBANON

The Survivors: After the Battle

WELCOME TO THE BIG BOSS, read a new sign in Lebanon's Bekaa Valley along the Beirut-Damascus highway. In case any traveler did not recognize the big boss, the sign was surrounded by photographs of Syrian President Hafez Assad. Last week the highway was completely open for the first time in nine months—and free of marauding gangs that robbed and killed travelers—as Assad's troops moved into Beirut to unite and pacify the Lebanese capital.

Traveling in three columns, Syrian tanks moved down the city's battered port and financial district, bulldozing roadblocks as they rolled. The Syrian troops—the bulwark of what will eventually become a 30,000-man multinational peace-keeping force—also moved swiftly to restore civic order. Two attempted kidnappings were broken up and ten looters stealing the last furnishings from the once luxurious Phoenix Inter-Continental Hotel were arrested.

Most Beirutis welcomed the Syrians joyfully, particularly because the arrival of the army marked an end to the night-time shelling that have made the city an afterdark hell. Young boys happily clambered aboard the Syrian tanks. Women pelted them with rice and rose petals, Lebanon's traditional welcoming symbols. Behind the tanks, in another sign of trust that the 19-month civil war was over, came a civilian convoy—cars laden with mattresses, bedding and furniture—of Lebanese who had fled the capital when the fighting began.

So Sue Me. "Some of those who returned to Beirut found that their homes had disappeared," cabled TIME Correspondent Wilton Wynn. "Others discovered that while they were away, their houses or apartments had been occupied by squatters. In the Christian suburb of Ain Rumane, Dawud Karami found a woman in his house who not only refused to leave but taunted him. 'You can sue me if you dare.' Another returnee was amazed to see lights on and hear the sound of music emerging from his home on Hamra Street. It was occupied by Palestinian refugees who told him, 'You can have your apartment when we find another place to live.'"

"That may take a long time. Fully 85,000 Lebanese and Palestinians in Lebanon are homeless, and there is little hope of finding space before winter winds and rain begin next month. Damour, twelve miles south of Beirut, was once an affluent community of 10,000 Christians. Palestinians from the ruined refugee camp of Tel Zaatar, the scene of some of Beirut's bloodiest fighting, now live in Damour's bombed-out, windowless buildings, existing on a single



BULLDOZER ON A RUINED STREET IN BEIRUT AS SYRIAN-IMPOSED CEASE-FIRE TAKES EFFECT
Relief and some hope, but also 40,000 dead and a \$4 billion repair bill.

loaf of bread a day. 'We have to scrounge for anything else to eat,' complained one old man."

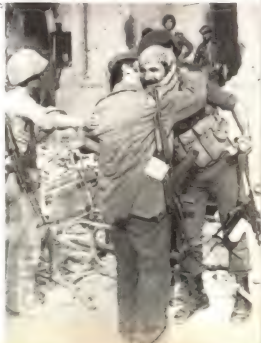
Housing is only one of the critical problems that the Lebanese face as they pick up the pieces of their shattered lives under the protection of the Pax Syria. Since April 1975 when the fighting began, 40,000 people have been killed, all but 4,000 of them civilians. Another 100,000 have been wounded. More than half the population of 3 million urgently need financial and material help. At least \$4 billion will be needed to rebuild the shattered economy. The port of Beirut is now unusable, the airport badly damaged—although it opened last week for the first time in five months. During the civil war, Beirut's banks have been robbed of at least \$250 million, and tourism, industry and agriculture have all been disrupted. In some areas rebuilding will be complicated, because registry offices were burned down and titles to land destroyed. Perhaps 40% of Lebanese land is thus no longer registered and will have to be resurveyed.

Lebanon's delicate political system will be equally difficult to restore. The Syrians hope to reunite the country on the basis of the so-called Valentine's Day accord of last February, an agreement approved by most of the country's factional leaders—except leftists. This preserves Lebanon's peculiar confessional system, in which political offices are allotted on a religious basis, but gives the Moslems greater political representation. The President will continue to be a Maronite Christian and the Premier a Sunni Moslem, but seats in Parliament will be divided fifty-fifty between the Christians and Moslem sects (previously the Maronites were ensured of a majority). Fearful of never being able to

live at peace with the Moslems, some Christians have threatened to carry on guerrilla warfare to maintain the ethnic purity of Christian-run zones. The Syrians, however, are adamantly opposed to any Swiss-style cantonal solution for Lebanon.

Enforcement of the Valentine's Day accord would do little for the Palestinian refugees. Many, if not most, of their camps were completely destroyed and they have no place to go back to now. "We must have permanent homes," said one of the refugees in Damour last week. "We can not continue wandering for-

SYRIAN SOLDIER & PALESTINIAN EMBRACE



THE WORLD

over." The Palestine Liberation Organization plans to move its fighting units to the Arkoub region in the south, an area that the Syrians will not enter—to avoid friction with the Israelis across the border. But in the south the Palestinians are likely to confront militant, armed Christians who have taken over much of the region with Israeli support. An outbreak of fighting between these forces

could shatter the still shaky peace.

Still, with the guns gone silent and life returning, the overall mood in Beirut last week was one of relief and

In nearby Jordan last week, Palestinian guerrillas protesting Syrian actions against the P.L.O. in Lebanon attacked Amman's Inter-Continental Hotel and seized guests and hotel workers as hostages. Jordanian troops rescued the hostages but three Palestinians, two soldiers, two workers, and a guest died in the course of the battle.

some hope. "If the security remains as it has started," says Businessman and Parliament Member Munir Abu Fadel, "we will need about two months of convalescence, and then within six months after that we will start a new boom." It at least sounded a new note in the Lebanese mood: a willingness to think beyond day-to-day survival for a change.

Sadat: New Overtures for the Peace

Less than a year ago, Egyptian President Anwar Sadat was under severe attack from "reactionist" Arabs for signing the second Sinai accord with Israel. Now that there is new talk about peace initiatives in the Middle East, the reactionists have become isolated, and Sadat has emerged anew as a moderate Arab statesman with clout. At home, he feels secure enough to have authorized the formation of political parties. In an interview last week with TIME Correspondent Wilton Wynn, Sadat declared that he was ready to sign a formal document ending the state of belligerency with Israel.

After years of dealing with Republican Presidents, Sadat is already looking forward to a "face-to-face, man-to-man" discussion with President-elect Carter. Even the departure of "my friend Henry" Kissinger does not faze him. "You are a nation of institutions," he explained. Besides, Sadat now considers Kissinger's shuttle diplomacy outmoded. He wants a full-scale conference in Geneva next year of all the "confrontation countries" and the Palestinians to deal with what he considers the central issue: Israel's return of occupied territory in exchange for Arab recognition. "For God's sake," he said, "don't get lost on side issues like the [Arab] boycott. Solve the big issue and you solve the boycott." Sadat has ended a feud with President Hafez Assad over Syria's intervention in Lebanon, but Egypt's relations with neighboring Libya are still hectic. "I consider Muammar Gaddafi my son," said Sadat, "but how can I believe anything he says when he never means anything he says?"

Other points made by Sadat in the wide-ranging 90-minute interview:

Q. What about the timetable for Middle East peace initiatives?

A. I have heard that Carter has promised to take some action next spring, which is more or less the timetable I advised. But I do think the Middle East should be given priority. We have been delayed twice already—once by Water-

gate and again by the American elections. I think we have shown that we are patient, but this problem should not be unduly delayed.

My view is that in 1977 we should convene the Geneva Conference to decide the framework for an overall settlement. There is no need for any more "step by step." The Golan Heights is so small that it is not necessary to talk about further Israeli withdrawal before the final withdrawal. The second Sinai disengagement agreement defused the Israeli-Egyptian front.

Q. How do you feel about Kissinger's departure?

A. The absence of one man will not do major harm. But I will say for Henry, he is the first Secretary of State with whom I dealt—and I've dealt with four—who changed the image of America for the better. He was not fond of the big stick like Dulles, weak like Rusk or naive like Rogers. He came here during a turning point, when the Arabs had won their first victory over Israel, and he proved to be a man of his word. Israel and the Arabs needed

someone in whom both could have confidence. Henry was this man.

Q. What about your relations with Israel?

A. I am in favor of signing a document formally, legally, publicly ending the state of belligerency between us. I would insist on complete Israeli withdrawal from occupied Arab territory and the establishment of a Palestinian state in the West Bank and Gaza. If the Israelis don't take my word that I will allow free shipping in the Gulf of Aqaba, I am willing to accept a U.N. force. Also, I am willing to accept a U.N. force along our frontier.

I have been told that Israeli Premier Yitzhak Rabin insists also on an immediate exchange of ambassadors, open borders and trade. I would say that after ending the state of belligerency, our relations with Israel would be like America's relations with China. You ended your Korean War and coexisted with China for a couple of decades, but during that time you had no relations. In time, circumstances brought you together. The same could happen here.

Q. Why must a Geneva Conference include the Palestinians?

A. Without the Palestinians, there cannot be any peace. The problem is not Sinai or the Golan, it is the Palestinians. I know that under this pretext the Israelis will try to stay away from Geneva. You must bring the Israelis to reason. The big issue is peace, and peace is available. I predict that the Palestinians will eventually be invited to Geneva and will eventually accept. But it is important to offer them something that their moderate leaders can sell to their own people, like a West Bank-Gaza state.

Q. Why did you change your mind about Syria's role in Lebanon?

A. I condemned the Syrian intervention when Syria was acting for its own ends. But when Syria put its forces under the umbrella of the Arab League, I approved. In the beginning, if Syria had intervened and imposed a cease-fire on both sides, I would have applauded, but they took one side against the other.

EGYPTIAN PRESIDENT ANWAR SADAT IN CAIRO



DIPLMACY

Moscow: Testing, Testing . . .

More than a thousand fascinated Soviet citizens—a capacity crowd—were suddenly herded out of a U.S. Bicentennial exhibit in Moscow's Sokolniki Park last week. Soviet officials reported that a bomb was set to explode in the exhibition hall. The show, which depicts U.S. life, culture and history, has been drawing record throngs since its mid-November opening. Working with nonchalant ease, a bomb squad failed to find anything resembling an explosive, but the exhibit was forced to shut down for one day.

The transparently fictitious bomb threat was almost certainly a minor harassment cooked up by Russian officials. It may also have been the latest evidence of Moscow's hardening attitude toward the U.S. While the Kremlin remains basically committed to detente and arms limitation, Russian leaders seem to have embarked on a period of testing in foreign relations, designed to take the measure of Jimmy Carter and the incoming U.S. Administration—especially since Carter in some of his campaign speeches urged a tougher U.S. policy toward the Soviets. A senior American Kremlin watcher feels that the new Administration "will be starting on far cooler terms with the Soviet Union than we would have thought even a year ago."

No Explanation. In addition to the Sokolniki Park incident, the Kremlin last week virtually expelled the third-ranking U.S. embassy official, Marshall Brent, a career diplomat, fluent in Russian and Chinese. His Soviet visa was canceled a few days after he arrived in the U.S. on a home leave. Even more significantly, the Kremlin has failed to respond to the nomination of U.S. Ambassador to Israel Malcolm Toon as the next American envoy to the Soviet Union. The Soviets may be displeased with Toon, a blunt career diplomat, who is an expert on East European affairs and who served two prior tours in Moscow. But they have not offered a single word of explanation of why no action has been taken on the nomination since Toon's name was submitted three months ago. The Toon affair may well be Carter's first test in handling the Soviets. Many analysts believe if he withdraws the nomination, Brezhnev will view it as weakness. Carter will also have to deal with Moscow's criticisms of U.S. policy in southern Africa, the Middle East and even of its administration of Micronesia.

If the Soviets are opting for at least a temporary chill on relations with the U.S., they do so with more military muscle than ever before. Moscow has not only been rapidly expanding its nuclear arsenal, it has also increased its conventional forces so that it is today question-

able whether NATO troops would be able to thwart a Russian thrust into Central Europe.

Peking, as well as Washington, seems to be undergoing probes by the Soviets. Hua Kuo-feng, Chairman Mao Tse-tung's successor, is at least as unfamiliar a face to the Russians as is Jimmy Carter. In contrast to its get-tough attitude toward Washington, the Kremlin seems to be holding an olive branch out to the Chinese. Since Mao's death, Radio Moscow's Chinese-language broadcasts have been stressing that "the fundamental interests in the two countries are identical." Recent speeches by Soviet officials have been notable for the absence of any political references that could offend Peking. This new diplomatic approach has yet to be reciprocated. At a Peking banquet last week for Jean-Bedel Bokassa, President of the Central African Republic, Chinese Vice Premier Li Hsien-nien accused the Soviets of "criminal actions" in Africa and of offering China "nothing but threats." The Soviet ambassador stalked out of the banquet.

To maintain calm in the Soviet Union's backyard, while it deals with Washington and Peking, Moscow has been trying to mend a few fences in Eastern Europe. Last week Soviet Party Boss Leonid Brezhnev flew to Belgrade—his first journey to Yugoslavia in five years. The effusive Brezhnev greeted Yugoslav President Josip Broz Tito with three kisses and an exuberant bear hug. This was one more Slavic smooch than usual—perhaps an index of how anxious Moscow is to improve relations with the independent Yugoslavs. At an official dinner at the Federal Executive Council Building, Brezhnev ridiculed as "fairy tales" the widespread fears that Moscow would attempt to interfere in Yugoslav affairs after the 84-year-old Tito dies. Brezhnev also belittled the notion that Yugoslavia is "some poor helpless Little Red Riding Hood" that the terrible bloodthirsty wolf—the aggressive Soviet Union—is preparing to tear apart and devour.

Improved Relations. This week, Brezhnev carries his wooing of East European leaders to Bucharest. It will be the first official visit to Rumania by the Soviet leader since he succeeded Nikita Khrushchev as party boss twelve years ago. Rumanian President Nicolae Ceausescu has long offended Moscow by his frequent and often strident proclamations of his regime's independence from the Soviets. In recent months, however, relations between Rumania and the U.S.S.R. have somewhat improved, as is indicated by the Brezhnev visit. Also significant is the fact that Ceausescu has allowed a Warsaw Pact summit meeting to convene in Bucharest during the



RUSSIANS LISTEN TO THE U.S. EXHIBIT GUIDE Harassing by phony bomb threats.

Brezhnev visit. The Rumanian leader had always carefully tried to keep as distant as possible from the activities of the Moscow-led military alliance.

The East bloc, nonetheless, still presents Moscow with serious problems. There are signs that the Poles are growing restive over shortages of consumer goods and that the East Germans are increasingly bridling at their leaders' refusal to grant more personal freedoms. Meanwhile the Yugoslavs remain skeptical of Soviet intentions. Foreign observers thought there was as much nervousness as amusement in the laughter that followed Brezhnev's reference last week to the Soviet Union as a "blood-thirsty wolf." Said Aleksander Grilekov, a leading Yugoslav Communist: "We Yugoslavs laugh even when we are serious and uneasy."



TITO (LEFT) & BREZHNEV IN A BEAR HUG New muscles and olive branches.

BRAZIL

Narrow Mandate for the 'Miracle'

"As Brazil goes," said an animated Richard Nixon in 1971, "so will the rest of the Latin American continent." Indeed, since its 1964 coup set the stage for a wave of military takeovers on the continent, Brazil has been regarded as the center of gravity of South American politics.

If only for that reason, the elections last week of aldermen and mayors in 3,968 municipalities had more than local import. Their significance was further heightened by the intense nationwide campaign waged by President Ernesto Geisel, 68, the Brazilian military's hand-picked chief of state. Though securely ensconced in his own job as President until 1979, Geisel jettied through 16 of Brazil's 21 states, kissing babies, cutting ribbons and shaking every hand in sight like any vote-hungry candidate. Along the way, he invested much of his personal prestige on behalf of local candidates of the government's National Renewal Alliance (ARENA). By allowing them to bask in the presidential aura, Geisel transformed the municipal elections into a plebiscite on the Brazilian military's twelve-year-old "revolution" and its faltering economic "miracle." As the votes of 40 million citizens were tabulated last week, both ARENA and its opposition, the Brazilian Democratic Movement (MDB), had cause for celebration.

Geisel had apparently won his gamble for a mandate—namely, a majority

vote for ARENA candidates—but not by the margin he sought. As Columnist Carlos Castello Branco wrote in *Jornal do Brasil*, "This is a victory with the flavor of defeat." As expected, ARENA candidates won in Brazil's rural backlands, but MDB swept five of Brazil's largest cities by substantial margins.

Block Beans. The opposition's showing was doubly impressive in view of the odds stacked against it. Unable to field candidates in a quarter of Brazil's municipalities, MDB was also stripped of a politically potent weapon—television. Under a strict electoral code drawn up by Geisel's Minister of Justice, Armando Falcão, candidates of both parties were forbidden to use TV or radio to speak to the voters. Meanwhile, "public service" broadcasts extolling the achievements of the revolution flooded the air waves. Weighing the opposition's impressive vote against these obstacles, political observers in Brazil now believe the MDB could dominate the 1978 races for Congress and governorships—unless the government cracks down.

For now, though, those elections are expected to proceed on schedule—a testimony to the skill and nerve that Geisel has shown in slowly moving Brazil toward democracy. By comparison with the uniformed bosses of Brazil's shadowy military "system," Geisel is something of a reformer. Since taking over as President from Emilio Medici in 1974, he has loosened Brazil's draconian discipline by opening a dialogue with some of the regime's moderate critics and curbing security forces' grossest excesses. Press censorship has been lifted from all but a few weekly magazines. He has also sacked military commanders accused of torturing political prisoners—although the practice continues. Indeed, in a blistering statement released after the election, Brazil's Catholic bishops, citing recent assaults and killing of clerics, castigated the "climate of fear" (TIME, Nov. 15).

Geisel's modest reforms have also been attacked from the right by hard-liners in his own party and the military. His liberalization program has also been made vulnerable by the collapse of Brazil's expansionist economic miracle. While both GNP and exports doubled from 1968 to 1975, Brazil's economy is now pincered by rising import costs—notably oil prices, which have quadrupled to \$4 billion—and foreign markets shriveled by recession. Last year's trade deficit topped \$3.5 billion; foreign debt has reached \$27 billion, the largest in any developing nation. Worst of all, the annual

rate of inflation, under control in 1974, went over 30% last year, and is running at 50% today.

Because Brazilian expectations rose so sharply in the boom years of the miracle, Geisel and his economic ministers have been reluctant to impose fiscal restraints. Even after the first hike in oil prices three years ago, the government made no move to limit consumption. "If something is not done soon about oil," says one Rio banker, "it will be a disaster." Disaster, meanwhile, is an everyday threat to Brazil's working poor, whose real wages have suffered most from the renewed surge of inflation. A recent shortage of *feijão*—Brazil's staple, black beans—forced thousands to join snaking queues to buy what supplies the government could import from Mexico and Chile. In protest, many voters in Brazil's cities mutilated their ballots by writing in "Feijão" for alderman.

Economic woes have begun to erode the system's firmest base, the business and professional elite, who were the chief beneficiaries of the miracle. Carping against the government can now be heard in posh high-rise apartments by Rio's Ipanema Beach, where owners have grown accustomed to affluence now and more tomorrow. Some technocrats and junior officers deserted ARENA in last week's election, contributing to MDB's urban landslide.

More serious is the forced shelving of much of Brazil's development plans, estimated at \$50 billion, for the next decade. Along with them could go the slogan that Geisel and ARENA candidates have trumpeted throughout the campaign: "*Este é um país que vai pra frente* [This is a country that is moving ahead]."

Geisel's tentative liberalization policies may have been partly responsible for a decision last week of General Augusto Pinochet's Chilean junta to release 304 political prisoners held without charge since the 1973 coup.

Stung by a threat from Jimmy Carter that his Administration might cut off U.S. aid to Chile unless civil liberties were restored, the Pinochet government sought to rally Brazil and Argentina into a hard-line entente in Latin America's southern cone. Both countries spurned Pinochet's overtures. At a meeting in Chile two weeks ago, General Jorge Rafael Videla, Argentina's tough military ruler, told Pinochet that police-state terror had tarnished Chile's image abroad. After that rebuff, Pinochet's government reluctantly granted the amnesty as a first limited step toward regaining international respectability. Nonetheless, Amnesty International estimates there are still more than 1,000 political suspects in prison. Of the thousands of people who have been in Chile's jails since the junta took over, hundreds have simply "disappeared"; most are presumed to have been tortured and killed by DINA, Chile's secret police.

GEISEL REACHING OUT FOR VOTES



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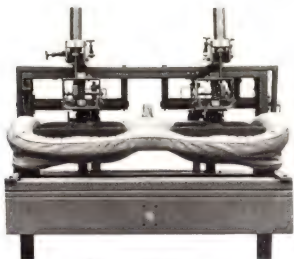


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THE TRAVELERS

DRUGS

Heroin Rides an Orient Express

► Whirring over the highlands near the borders of Laos and Thailand, American-supplied Huey helicopters disgorged Burmese troopers, despite a fusillade of small-arms fire, they capture and destroy a ton of raw opium at a secret jungle laboratory.

► At Rome's Fiumicino Airport, Italian plainclothesmen arrest two Orientals on a flight from Bangkok, whose suitcases yield 44 lbs. of lumpy gray-brown No. 3 heroin, hidden in carvings of elephants, pagodas and lotus leaves.

► In a Skid Row room in Amsterdam's Rosse Buurt (red-light district), Dutch narcotics cops find a young addled dead, a syringe spiked in the hollow of his elbow.

The gun battles, arrests and deaths are stages on the main line of the "Orient Express"—the lethal route from Asia's opium-rich Golden Triangle (the intersection of Burma, Laos and Thailand) to Amsterdam, distribution center for Europe's booming dope market.

Drug busts in Europe are mounting geometrically. So far this year, Common Market narcs have seized 440 kilos of heroin, as much as was intercepted from 1972 to 1975. By the police rule of thumb that seizures equal 10% of the traffic, Golden Triangle dope routed through Amsterdam is now rivaling the volume of the old Turkey-Marseille-New York French Connection. Many European experts see the Continent approaching the type of heroin epidemic that swept the U.S. in the 1960s.

From a handful in 1972, Amsterdam's junkies have increased to an estimated 7,000, Italy's from 1,000 to 6,000. Overdose deaths in Europe will top 300 by year's end. Yet supplies are so plentiful that street prices in Paris have dropped from \$120 to \$60 a gram in the past six months—thus making it cheaper to lure new addicts. Profits are enormous. A kilo of No. 4 heroin bought for \$1,650 in Thailand or Burma commands \$32,000 on the streets of Europe.

Heroin Rain. Amsterdam has long been a mecca for addicts and dealers because of The Netherlands' wrist-tapping drug laws. But the mounting flow of "horse" through the city has become a narc's nightmare. Says G.J. Toorenhaar, chief of Amsterdam's criminal investigation division: "It's raining heroin in The Netherlands." Worse, Europe's swelling addict population is now getting its dope from overseas Chinese gangs that police cannot understand or penetrate.

The big new market for heroin followed the classic laws of narcotics economy. When the French Connection was cut in 1972, the slack in the American market was soon filled by Mexican heroin, but European addicts were temporarily strung out. At the same time,

American withdrawal from Viet Nam cost Southeast Asia's Chinese Tai Los (dope bosses) their most lucrative market. According to one American narcotics expert, "It was simply natural that the twain [Asian supply and European demand] should meet."

Amsterdam was the natural rendezvous. The city's large Chinese community (1,500 legal residents and more than 7,000 free-floating illegals) had a long-established internal drug trade; easy Common Market border rules made Amsterdam the perfect hub for European smuggling. In 1971 gangsters from triads (secret societies) in Hong Kong, Kuala Lumpur and Singapore began infiltrating Amsterdam's Chinatown, forcing merchants and community leaders to help shield their operations. Ironically, many of the operators were corrupt drug cops purged from the Hong Kong police force.

Dope comes to Europe in small packets borne by an "ant army" of couriers. From the lawless wilds of the Golden Triangle, dried poppy extract travels by backpack, bicycle, mule and even army trucks to crude labs, some in jungles, some in Southeast Asia's sprawling Chinatowns. There chemists refine the caky black powder into two grades of heroin: No. 3, the 40%-50% pure "brown sugar" favored for smoking, and fluffier white No. 4, 90% pure "stuff" for needle addicts. The dope is ferried to Europe by air, ingeniously cached in all sorts of objects—mah-jongg tiles, false-bottom golf bags, hollowed-out melons.

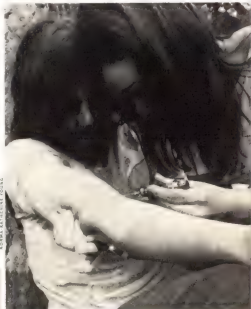
Dodging Amsterdam's closely watched Schiphol Airport, couriers detour to Zurich, Frankfurt, Rome and other cities and then carry the dope to Holland overland. Penny-wise smugglers have even used Aeroflot's discount flights across Asia, though Soviet police crackdowns in Moscow are making that route more dangerous. Tactics change daily. "You know if we see a Chinese get off a flight from Bangkok, we're going to nail him," says one Paris-based U.S. narc. To avoid that, the triads are recruiting middle-class Caucasians as

"mules" for \$1,000 a trip plus plane fare.

European narcs are finding it hard to crack the Chinese Connection because they never made contact with their Chinese communities. Amsterdam police, for example, have only one Cantonese-speaking agent; hired translators face jarring death threats. Among street-level dealers and users, the triads enforce a ruthless code of silence that shields the trade's heroin "Godfathers." Time-tested techniques—infiltration, bribes, informers—have proved almost useless. "They're very closed," says a top French investigator, "and won't deal with anyone with round eyes."

Squealing. In belated recognition of the heroin problem, the Dutch States-General (parliament) this month upped the penalties for heroin possession from four to twelve years. In the short run though, the best hope for snipping the Chinese Connection lies in interethnic gang violence. With hundreds of millions of dollars at stake, rival triads cannot peaceably split the spoils. At least twelve Chinese have been murdered in vendettas, which began last year with the killing of Chung Mon, a 55-year-old kingpin of the traffic. European narcs are now hoping for the type of squealer's revenge that helped smash the dope-dealing Corsican Mafia of Marseille in the early 1970s.

ADDICTS SHOOTING UP IN AMSTERDAM



CHINA

The Lady Is a Tramp

Malevolent as a demon. Treacherous as a serpent. Savage as a mad dog. These were only a few of the epithets that have been hurled at the 62-year-old widow of Mao Tse-tung since her arrest early last month. By last week the official campaign of vilification had turned into a formidable bill of indictment. The increasing gravity of the accusations may be a grim prelude to a secret purge trial of the "Gang of Four."



WALL POSTER RIDICULING CHIANG CH'ING
Prelude to a purge trial?

—Chiang Ch'ing and the discredited leaders of Shanghai's radicals.

Radio broadcasts, the ubiquitous wall posters and rumors whispered to foreign diplomats offered new allegations in the unfolding tale of Chiang Ch'ing's evil-doing. After an unsuccessful attempt to assassinate Premier Chou En-lai in 1971, Mao's fiercely ambitious wife joined with radical Politburo Members Wang Hung-wen, Chang Ch'un-ch'iao and Yao Wen-yuan to organize a second parallel government competing with the existing administration, while they plotted to usurp power. The gang is said to have tried to persuade China's armed militia to take over the army.

The ailing Mao grew increasingly helpless to halt his wife's machinations. When summoned to Mao's sickbed, the hardhearted Chiang Ch'ing at first refused to interrupt a poker game with her cronies. Later she tried to murder him and following Mao's death, she then plotted the assassination of China's

new Party Chairman Hua Kuo-feng.

Other less political charges against Chiang Ch'ing were calculated to shock the puritanical and egalitarian People's Republic. Madame Mao's personal life was said to be like that of the 7th century Empress Wu, notorious for her extravagance and lubricity. Accordingly, Chiang Ch'ing ordered every insect killed and every leaf dusted by her minions before she would venture to visit a Canton botanical garden. During bouts of insomnia, the imperious lady issued orders that work at a nearby noisy ship-building factory be stopped. So sensitive was she to noise that she once ordered her waiters to deliver her food while walking on tiptoe.

There were also disclosures of Chiang Ch'ing's hedonistic tastes. Although as culture boss of China in the 1960s she had imposed uplifting revolutionary themes on China's arts, she preferred sexy movies and Kung Fu flicks imported from the decadent West and from Hong Kong. For the millions of Chinese who have endured countless showings of Chiang Ch'ing's ballet, *The Detachment of Red Women*, on stage, screen and television, this might be the gravest of the charges against her.

China watchers believe the stories of Chiang Ch'ing's sybaritic way of life are plausible. But no independent confirmation exists of the capital crimes she is said to have committed. Still, her claim to be Mao's ideological heir, combined with her backing of the Shanghai radicals' bid for power, was amply sufficient to bring about her downfall. She had to be discredited before Hua could put forward his own claim. Indeed, Hua's legitimacy as party leader rests in large part on official stories that Mao had given him a death-bed benediction.

SPAIN

A Vote for Democracy

A year after Francisco Franco's death, the rubber-stamp parliament in Madrid moved Spain along the road to democracy in a curious way—by voting itself out of existence. After three days of sometimes emotional debate, the Cortes overwhelmingly approved (425 to 59, with 13 abstentions) the government's political reform bill (TIME, Nov. 1), thereby promising Spain a Western-style democracy for the first time in 40 years. Under the provisions of the law, a bicameral legislature (a 350-member elected congress of deputies and a 207-member senate) will replace the present Cortes, in which less than one-fifth of the Deputies are popularly elected. These political reforms will be submitted for approval to the Spanish people in a referendum, probably in mid-December. Elections for the new legislature are to be held by the summer of 1977.

Last week's decision by the Cortes

was the most significant victory yet in the campaign by King Juan Carlos and Premier Adolfo Suárez to move Spain out of the Franco era toward democratic rule. Juan Carlos and the government could have bypassed the conservative Cortes and taken the political reforms directly to the Spanish people by way of a referendum. Last week the government released a poll showing that Spaniards favored passage of the bill by a margin of more than 20 to 1. From the beginning, however, the Suárez government has moved cautiously, in order to avoid alienating the powerful right-wingers who are still entrenched in the government and armed forces. The King relied heavily on Suárez, who prepared the delicate maneuvering that led to the Cortes showdown.

Miguel Primo de Rivera, nephew of the founder of the blue-shirted Falange and a man with good Francoist credentials, made the initial defense of the political reform bill in the Cortes. "We are conscious of the fact," said Primo de Rivera, "that we must move from a personal regime to one of participation, without a break and without violence... We must begin the future with optimism, without rancor for the past and without forgetting that we have an obligation to the present and the future."

While Suárez listened impassively on the blue leather government bench, Blas Piñar, head of an ultra-right group calling itself *Fuerza Nueva* (New Force) attacked the reform as a "stupid mask." Another right-wing coalition, the Popular Alliance, threatened that its more than 100 members would abstain from voting unless majority representation replaces the government's proposal that seats in the lower house be allotted by proportional representation. In the end, Alliance leaders and other conservatives were satisfied by a modest technical compromise on voting procedures.

Austerity Measures. Suárez's clever stage-managing of the reform bill was fresh evidence that his government is navigating with some confidence down the political middle. Shortly before the Cortes vote, the left made itself felt when Spain's illegal but officially tolerated trade-union blocs staged what they described as a one-day general strike to protest government austerity measures. But the most remarkable thing about the only partially successful strike was its restraint—clear evidence that even labor's leftists hoped that the reform bill would pass.

Meanwhile, the government is limiting the right of die-hard Francoists to keep the memory of *el Caudillo* alive. It reluctantly granted a request by the archconservative National Veterans Federation to commemorate the first anniversary of Franco's death with a rally in Madrid's Plaza de Oriente. The demonstration consisted of 30 minutes of prayers for Franco, the reading of his last message to Spain and the singing of songs from the Spanish civil war.



WORLD ECONOMIC FRUSTRATION: JAPANESE WORKERS IN PROTEST; FRENCH FIREMEN DEMANDING BONUS; EMPLOYMENT POSTER IN LONDON

ECONOMY & BUSINESS

OUTLOOK

In the Shadow of a New Global Slump

One of the notable achievements of the brief Ford Administration has been its success in selling foreign governments on a go-slow approach to economic growth in order to hold down world inflation. At the economic summit in Puerto Rico last June, President Gerald Ford and the government chiefs of Britain, West Germany, France, Italy, Canada and Japan agreed that they would follow cautious policies aimed at a moderate annual expansion of world production, say 5% through 1980. Today it appears that the Administration was altogether too persuasive in most industrial countries, as in the U.S., expansion has slowed to a crawl, and the quiet optimism of the Puerto Rico meeting has given way to a galloping case of global jitters. Although inflation remains high (9.7% in Japan, 14.7% in Britain), the big worry among economists and politicians now is the possibility of a new global recession. Says C. Fred Bergsten, one of President-elect Jimmy Carter's experts on international economics: "The chances of aborting the world recovery are fairly high unless we get some thoughtful policies here and abroad."

What Bergsten and many other economists would like to see is a synchronized effort by the U.S., West Germany and Japan to speed up their economies by adopting such expansionary policies as tax cuts and higher government spending. These three kingpin economies could then buy more from other countries and, in Bergsten's words, "help the weaker industrial nations achieve export-led growth." The chances of this happening are problematic.

Jimmy Carter is, of course, committed to revving up the U.S. economy. But West German leaders, worried, as always, about inflation, are wary of stimulative policies, and Japan has taken only a modest turn toward expansion.

In several other countries (Britain, France, Italy, Canada), the governments are pursuing austerity programs that are holding down production and jobs. Worldwide, the consumer spending boom that opened the year has fizzled as it became apparent that unemployment and inflation would not come down quickly. Businessmen in the U.S., Europe and Japan, still shaken by the 1974-75 recession, have failed to invest in new plant and equipment anywhere near as rapidly as had been expected.

Aggravating Strain. The upshot: Chase Econometrics, a private research firm, forecasts that economic expansion in 12 major nations will slow, on average, from 5.5% this year to 4.5% in 1977. In Europe, it predicts, growth will slip from an already modest 4.2% in 1976 to 3.9% next year. While such a slowdown would still be a long way from outright recession, it would aggravate already serious commercial and political strains throughout the non-Communist world.

For example, as sales become harder to make at home, businessmen are increasingly engaged in a bruising scramble to boost exports. Their efforts have led to a fresh surge of protectionist sentiment. British unions, for example, are demanding stringent import curbs to protect workers' jobs, and in the U.S. business groups are lobbying for limits on imports of shoes and color TVs. Over

lunch last week in Brussels, angry officials of the European Community bluntly warned Japanese representatives that they would close the door to some Japanese goods unless the country moves swiftly to reduce its mammoth \$4.2 billion annual surplus in trade with Europe. Discontent over inflation and unemployment is shaking governments in Britain and Italy, fomenting rising left-wing sentiment in France, and rekindling separatist dreams in Canada.

The shock that could turn sluggishness into recession could come from another big hike in world oil prices by the Organization of Petroleum Exporting Countries, which has scheduled a price meeting in Qatar for Dec. 15. Last week talk swirled around the world that OPEC might post only a small interim increase (5% or so) or even delay any rise until next year. Oil-burning countries can only hope that OPEC does hold off. The U.S. State Department, which has been waging an unusual public campaign to forestall an oil increase, warns that a 15% boost would cut a full percentage point off the economic growth rate in the seven biggest consuming countries, while adding two percentage points to inflation rates.

Even without an OPEC increase, the world economy is shaky. The situation in the most important countries:

THE U.S. is in a deepening business lull. The Government reported last week that real gross national product—total output, adjusted for inflation—rose only 3.8% in the third quarter, rather than 4% as was first estimated. Industrial production fell 5% in October, the second straight monthly decline, and housing

ECONOMY & BUSINESS

starts also dipped. Carter in January is likely to propose a \$10 billion to \$15 billion tax cut to pep up demand; his chief economic adviser, Lawrence R. Klein, has said that the country may need an annual growth rate of 7% to reduce unemployment significantly.

BRITAIN, with its faltering production, oppressive rate of inflation, high unemployment (5.5%) and staggering debt, remains one of Western Europe's sickest economies. The value of the pound has plummeted to historic lows, going from \$2.03 in January to \$1.68 last week, despite the ruling Labor Party's vigorous efforts to hold down wages and increase output and exports. After the latest currency crisis in September, Whitehall was forced to ask the International Monetary Fund for a \$3.9 bil-

lion production costs and exports are booming. In September the nation posted a trade surplus of \$1.9 billion, its second biggest ever. But unemployment remains relatively high by West German standards at 4.1%, mainly because unskilled women and youths are entering the market faster than jobs are being provided for them. For next year, Chase Econometrics foresees a drop in the growth rate to 4.6%, but West German economists disagree; they expect a fresh burst of consumer spending and a pick-up in business investment to keep the economy moving up at a brisk pace.

FRANCE, after a vibrant first half, stumbled into a period of sputtering expansion. At the same time, inflation continued to climb at a rate of 10%. The value of the franc fell, forcing President

hold down wages, boost taxes, and raise prices on government-controlled goods and services, such as electricity. Some economists oppose the crackdown, arguing that the proper way to bridge the gap in trade is to boost production and increase demand at home. The nation's glum mood is summed up by former Deputy Prime Minister Ugo La Malfa, who says: "The errors of politicians and the unions have made us a country without prospects."

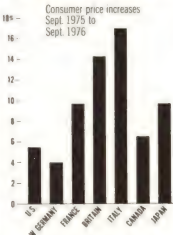
CANADA had hoped that an expanding U.S. economy would lift its exports and let the government pursue its single-minded effort to wrestle down inflation, largely by holding economic growth to modest levels. But the American market stagnated and so has Canada's recovery. The rate of price rises has indeed been cut from 10.6% last year to 6.2% at present, but at a severe cost. Unemployment stands at 7.6%, the highest in 15 years, consumer spending is flat, and capital outlays, which had been projected to increase 32% this year, are now expected to rise by only 12%. In the Quebec provincial election last week, the separatist *Parti Québécois* won a stunning victory by playing heavily on discontent over economic mismanagement and untrustworthiness in government (see THE WORLD).

JAPAN has been hit by a drop in domestic demand. The rate of expansion of the nation's G.N.P. fell from a muscular 13.4% in the first quarter to an estimated 4.1% in the third. To take up the slack, Japan has deluged world markets with its goods, notably autos and TV sets; exports to the U.S. and Europe are running about 50% ahead of a year ago. Two weeks ago, Premier Takeo Miki announced that his government would start a new \$3.4 billion pump-priming effort to jog domestic demands and make the country less dependent on exports. One plus factor: corporate profits are way up, and that means big year-end bonuses and a surge of consumer spending.

Finding a way out of the worldwide economic malaise will be one of the first major challenges facing the incoming Carter Administration. Reason: if the global slowdown is permitted to deepen, if protectionist measures spread and invite retaliation, and if OPEC posts a stiff price increase, the threat of world recession will become imminent—and the U.S. would not be immune. Faster growth in the U.S. itself is the first necessity, globally as well as domestically, but the U.S. cannot do the job alone. Other strong countries must be persuaded to speed up too, and some way must be found to help nations like Britain and Italy that are too hemmed in by inflation and foreign debt to risk adopting expansionary policies on their own. The situation is serious and complicated enough to warrant a call by Carter to the leaders of the industrialized world for a new economic summit soon after he takes office in January.

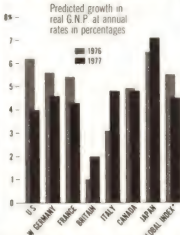
GLOBAL JITTERS

Inflation Persists...



SOURCE: Chart: The Chartmakers, Inc.

As Slowdown Looms



SOURCE: U.S. Dept. of Commerce, Bureau of Economic Analysis

SOURCE: U.S. Dept. of Commerce, Bureau of Economic Analysis

lion loan. If approved, the loan is likely to be accompanied by strict requirements that Britain hold down its money supply, which could require slashes in its expensive program of social services. That could infuriate British unions, without whose support the government cannot stay in office. Last week, tens of thousands of workers marched on the House of Commons to protest any additional cuts in public spending.

WEST GERMANY remains by far the strongest economy in Europe. It enjoys the lowest inflation rate (3.8% as of October) of any major industrial power, and it will meet this year's growth target of 6%. Despite constant rises in the value of the mark—it has gone up more than 8% against the dollar since January—West German goods have continued to be competitive in world markets because high labor productivity has held

Valéry Giscard d'Estaing to decree a fresh austerity plan. The new measures include a temporary price freeze, a 4% increase in personal and corporate income taxes and tight curbs on credit. At the core is a 6.5% limit on wage boosts. Eternally skeptical French businessmen believe that the new plan will fail because Giscard will resort to the time-honored device of revving up the economy prior to the 1978 elections.

ITALY, like Britain, is one of Europe's economic disaster areas. Inflation is racing at a rate of almost 18%, and the trade deficit for the first nine months of this year has doubled, to \$4.4 billion. To halt the slide toward disaster, the government has adopted a savage deflationary policy that some economists fear could result in zero economic growth next year (Chase Econometrics disagrees). The austerity program will

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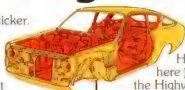
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Every single Datsun engine is checked by computer.

You know, Datsun B-210s have been national SCCA champs two years running. And when those sports car drivers drive them, it's all out till they fall out.

Mind you, that's not to say the day won't come when you need that odd part or nut or bolt. So to ease your mind, Datsun has nearly 4,000 factory-trained

service technicians across America, and a computerized parts network, ready to save your day.

Yes, Datsun saves — and keeps on saving — for good reason: we want your new

Datsun to be the most economical car going. To

give you the most pleasure while you own it. And the most back when you trade it.

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AS LOW AS YOU CAN GO AND STILL GET GOOD TASTE
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POLICY

Another Go at Guidelines

When Jimmy Carter moves into the Oval Office in January, one of his first tasks will be to send out a batch of invitations to the nation's labor chiefs and business leaders. They will be asked to come to the White House to help the Administration devise a set of guidelines for wage and price increases that the President will then urge unions and companies to follow. Though the guideline strategy had only limited success in the 1960s, Carter is committed to another go at it to help keep inflation down while hoping to stimulate the economy to faster, more sustained growth.

If the President-elect yet has any specific plans for guidelines, he is keeping them to himself. Nonetheless, his advisers are already debating where the limits might be set. Arthur Okun, a member of TIME's Board of Economists who was involved with a previous set of guidelines when he was a member of Lyndon Johnson's Council of Economic Advisers, suggests that the White House might urge keeping wage boosts to 6% a year and price hikes to 4% (wages would be allowed to go up more than prices because some of the pay increases would presumably be offset by higher labor productivity). However, these standards would be flexible and would take into allowance such things as unusually low profit margins or the need for catch-up wage increases.

Peculiar inflation. If successful, this approach would markedly lower the inflation rate. A 6% wage guideline would be 1½ points lower than pay boosts have lately been averaging. As for prices, the consumer price index rose slightly less than 4% in October, but over the past year it has gone up 5.3%.

The need for guidelines arises, Carter's advisers believe, because the U.S. is now experiencing a peculiar sort of inflation by momentum. Prices, in their view, are not being pulled up by excess demand (the nation's factories are at present operating at only 74% of capacity). Rather, the inflationary spiral keeps spinning because everyone expects it to. As Okun wryly puts it, "Wages and prices are going up because they have been going up." So some type of Government action is needed to break the momentum, and Carter is opposed to outright controls. Though he once talked of asking Congress for power to impose controls, he now says he would do so only in an emergency—"and I don't anticipate any calamities."

Will the guideline strategy work? Carter is being well advised to seek cooperation in advance from the business and labor leaders he will later have to "jawbone" into following the guidelines, rather than simply announcing a set of rules without consultation. But he faces a tough selling job. Corporate executives

fear that if they observe price guidelines, rising costs will cut into their profits. "I've talked with a lot of businessmen, and I have yet to find one who has a good word to say for [guidelines]," says an executive of Boise Cascade. But a minority are in favor. "Businessmen are now willing to get on the sidelines and help make Government economic policy work," says James Kerley, executive vice president of Monsanto.

Union leaders are wary of guidelines because they believe wages are monitored more closely than prices. "We are very, very leary," says AFL-CIO President George Meany. "Our experience has been that the employer becomes very civic-minded, very patriotic and says, 'No, I can't give you any more than a certain percentage.'" Moreover, when

guidelines 3.2% a year for wages, zero average for prices. After Kennedy won a celebrated confrontation with steel-makers and got them to cancel a price boost, inflation rates stayed low until the Viet Nam War touched off a boom that overwhelmed the guidelines.

To conservative economists, the Viet Nam experience proves that guidelines are certain to fail. Banker Beryl Sprinkel, a member of TIME's Board of Economists, believes that guidelines distort the normal give-and-take functioning of the economy and may actually contribute to inflation by encouraging unions and companies to push wages and prices up to the guideline limits. Nobel Laureate Milton Friedman has been more caustic. "Guidesposts and pleas for voluntary compliance are halfway houses whose only merit is that they can more readily be abandoned than legally imposed controls."

Other economists, however, believe guidelines can work. Using econometric

STRIKE POSTERS BEING PREPARED BEFORE LAST WEEK'S SHORT-LIVED GM WALKOUT



KENNEDY ATTACKS STEEL COMPANIES
AT 1962 PRESS CONFERENCE

there are no guidelines, manufacturers are able to set high prices and union leaders are free to strike for hefty settlements without arousing a public outcry or getting into an argument with the President. Without the Ford Administration committing itself one way or the other, 80,000 General Motors workers last week walked out of 16 plants for a few hours and won a settlement that GM called "the most expensive package" in the company's history.

For all that, guidelines in the past have succeeded—at times, for a while. Their history goes back to John F. Kennedy, who in 1962 established a system relating price and wage increases to worker productivity. The eventual

models of the 1960s. Williams College Economist John Sheahan concluded that "there was a convincing case that wage behavior in manufacturing became more restrained in the four years [after the establishment of the guidelines] than in the preceding decade." He drew upon independent studies by Harvard's Otto Eckstein and the Brookings Institution's George Perry.

No one, however, believes that guidelines can succeed if the Government overheats the economy by pumping in too much money. The White House cannot persuade unions and companies to obey guidelines in a boom atmosphere—but that is far from what the U.S. has today.



BANKAMERICA'S PRUSSIA DISCLOSING CODE

BANKING

Away from Secrecy

The world's largest bank has long been tight-lipped about its business. Now it is pledging to become almost garrulous. Last week the San Francisco-based BankAmerica Corp. flew five senior officials to New York to unveil, with maximum publicity, a 26-page, 70-item "Voluntary Disclosure Code," under which the bank proposes to make available information that goes far beyond what banks are compelled by law to reveal. The disclosures, say bank officials, should help to dispel public suspicion of business and keep BankAmerica's executives toeing the mark. Intones a preamble to the code: "What better inhibitor to misconduct or ineptness than the certain knowledge that one's actions will become known?"

Some of the future disclosures do promise to be interesting. Mortgage borrowers, for example, will be told the

ECONOMY & BUSINESS

bank's appraisal of the value of property they offer as collateral. The bank's trust department will divulge the nominees or "street names" under which it trades stock—essential information for anyone trying to check its investment performance. Employees will be given more information about salary ranges.

BankAmerica further vows to reveal "direct dollar expenses" of its "government relations" programs (which include lobbying efforts) at federal, state and local levels. It will list all companies in which its trust department has investments of \$1 million or more, disclose its ten largest holdings of municipal securities and report its profits or losses on dealings in foreign currency. All these matters are of interest to analysts who try to gauge the soundness of bank finances: Franklin National Bank in New York, for instance, failed in 1974 largely because of huge losses in foreign-currency speculation.

Legitimate Need. There are more than a few exceptions to BankAmerica's new openness. For instance, bank analysts are worried about the soundness of loans that U.S. banks have made to underdeveloped countries, but BankAmerica will shed little light on the problem. It will break down its foreign loans into eight major regions of the world, but not by country. Other banks already make available some of the information that BankAmerica now plans to disclose, and release of some other data may soon be compelled by the Securities and Exchange Commission, anyway. The bank has left itself some outs. The code says that BankAmerica will disclose information only to those "with a legitimate need," though officials promise that they will interpret this to include reporters, stockholders and borrowers.

There are indications that the bank's officers were divided on how open to be. President A.W. Clausen appointed a task force that was supposed to draft the code in six months; it took ten months. Says Executive Vice President Leland Prussia: "We really did plunge into some icy waters." On balance, the bank emerged with a code that is a welcome step away from needless secrecy.

REGULATION

Agency Without Friends

The federal agencies that regulate business have regularly been denounced from every part of the ideological spectrum—but none has vexed more people more consistently than the Federal Power Commission. One oil executive calls the agency "hidebound and bureaucratic"; another terms it "a miserable failure." Consumer advocates are just as vehement. "The FPC acts as judge and jury," says one. Congress is the most critical of all. Just before the November elections, the watchdog House Oversight Subcommittee accused the FPC of everything from "preconceived ideological commitments to 'a conscious disregard of its statutory duties.'" It bluntly concluded that the FPC is "the worst" of all the regulatory agencies.

Is the FPC really so bad? It does half of its job—regulating the rates charged by utilities for natural gas and for electricity that moves between states—without much trouble. The task in which the agency can please nobody is setting the wellhead price of natural gas produced in one state and burned in another. If the FPC holds down the price, gas producers (mainly big oil companies) berate the agency for not giving them an incentive to explore for new gas reserves. If the FPC lets prices rise, consumers set up a howl—and some 45 million American homes and businesses depend on the fuel for heat or power.

Trussed Chicken. The FPC is also a bureaucracy that has become entangled in federal red tape. Before the commission can begin to set a price for natural gas, it must consider the legal precedents that have been handed down in literally thousands of federal court rulings. Then it must consider the strictures of the Administrative Procedure Act and the National Environmental Policy Act. Finally, the agency must take into account the reaction of some 25 other federal bodies with some kind of jurisdiction over energy matters. In other words, the FPC has about as much room to maneuver as a trussed chicken.

What makes its job come close to

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GE's Broadcast Controlled Color system consistently gives you color and tint automatically adjusted by the VIR signal from the broadcasters themselves.

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GE Broadcast Controlled Color. Another reason why GE invites you to go into a store and compare our performance. See for yourself. Prove it to yourself. We think it's the smart way for you to decide which brand to buy.



WYM905SLP Genuine gate veneers—pine solids and simulated wood speaker grill

WYM9052P Hardwood solids veneers and simulated wood accents

WYC7660WD High impact plastic cabinet with simulated walnut-grained finish

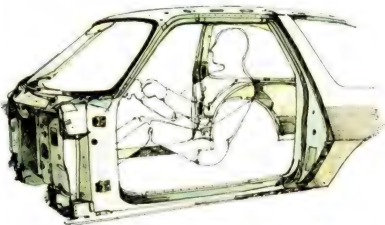


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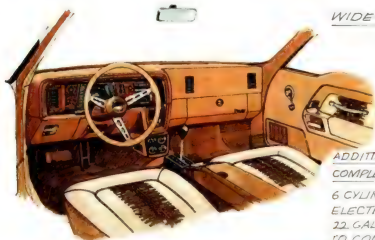
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Drive Train Parts Covered

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Front/Rear Transmission Parts	YES	NO	NO	NO
Transmission Case	YES	NO	NO	NO
Torque Converter	YES	NO	NO	NO
Clutch	YES	NO	NO	NO
Drive Shaft	YES	NO	NO	NO

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Trip Interruption Program	YES	NO	NO	NO

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Clutch Lining	YES	NO	YES	YES
Wiper Blades	YES	NO	NO	NO
All Light Bulbs	YES	NO	YES	NO
Hoses and Belts	YES	YES	NO	NO
Mufflers	YES	NO	YES	YES
Tail Pipes	YES	NO	NO	YES

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Free Loaner Car	YES	NO	NO	NO
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Time for that spirited holiday cheer that C.C. is famous for. And now, for the holiday season, C.C. comes beautifully gift-wrapped at no extra charge.



BY APPOINTMENT
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being impossible, says FPC Chairman Richard L. Dunham, is the commission's "badly out of date" basic charter. The agency is supposed to ensure adequate supplies of natural gas while keeping the price low. That could be done in the days when gas was plentiful. But for several years now gas consumption has run far ahead of new discoveries, reserves have been dwindling fast, and every winter brings the threat of a shortage.

Last summer the FPC decided to encourage exploration for more gas by boosting the national price of 51¢ per 1,000 cu. ft. for the fuel. At the same time, the agency had to avoid giving the industry windfall profits on gas from long-producing wells. So the commissioners devised a complicated system of pricing gas, depending on when the fuel was committed to the interstate market. The new prices per 1,000 cu. ft.: \$1.42 for gas from wells found or tapped after 1974; \$1.01 for gas from wells opened between 1973 and 1974; and 29¢ to 52¢ for all "older" gas.

INVESTMENT

Rebirth of Some Fallen Angels

The torrid stock market of the 1960s produced dozens of "hot issues"—young companies whose stocks soared on dazzling dreams of instant wealth. Many collapsed just as quickly, falling victim to mismanagement, unrealistically high expectations or, in some cases, outright fraud. Some survive only as names in the memory of angry investors. Stirling Homex (modular housing) no longer exists; King Resources is still in bankruptcy proceedings; and Bernie Cornfeld's Investors Overseas Services is in the terminal stages of liquidation.

But a few of the fallen angels have risen again under new managers and sometimes new names. They have cleared up lawsuits, paid off creditors—at least in part—and are actually earning a profit. Four reincarnations:

FOUR SEASONS NURSING CENTERS OF AMERICA INC., now Anta Corp. Record high stock price (1969): \$91. Low (1970): 6¢. Last week: \$7.25. Like many of the highfliers, Four Seasons was built on a solid idea: cashing in on then new Medicare and Medicaid legislation and the growing need for facilities to care for the nation's ailing aged. The company actually built 45 centers in 35 states, but its earnings figures were inflated. At one point, one part of Four Seasons was lending money to another part to enable the company to "buy" nursing centers from itself. In 1970 the company declared bankruptcy, coincidentally a week after Penn Central did the same. Jack L. Clark, founder and president, spent nine months in prison for his role in defrauding shareholders of some \$200 million; he now runs a cattle ranch in Oklahoma.

Consumer groups, aghast at the size of the boost (it could have amounted to \$1.5 billion), quickly filed court suits to upset this price schedule. The FPC then revised prices downward, partly by cutting the \$1.01 figure to 93¢ and partly by reclassifying as "old" some gas first considered "new." So now the producers have gone to court in the hope of getting gas prices deregulated completely.

Price v. Supply. Obviously, none of this solves the FPC's dilemma. What could? Nothing short of abolishing the agency altogether, says Chairman Dunham. He favors creation of a single, streamlined federal agency to handle all energy matters, even though that would wipe out his own job. Since President-elect Carter has proposed the same thing, there is a good chance that the FPC will indeed disappear one of these days, unloved and unlamented. But unless Congress also resolves the question of whether to choose low prices or plentiful supplies, an energy superagency would only be handed the FPC's task of reconciling the irreconcilable.

In charge now is James R. Tolbert III, a strapping (6 ft.) former football player who lights his pipe with a chrome-plated cigarette lighter engraved "June 26, 1972"—the day Four Seasons emerged from bankruptcy after two years of ax-wielding. Tolbert fired many

of trading (1973): \$14. Last week: \$5. Los Angeles-based Equity was a darling of the insurance industry until March 1973, when Ray Dirks, a Wall Street insurance analyst, was told by a tipster that many of Equity's outstanding policies, perhaps \$1 billion worth, had been sold to people who did not exist. In three wild weeks, Dirks raced around the country, confirmed the tipster's story, and told clients to get out of the stock. Equity declared bankruptcy, and 19 of its officers either pleaded guilty to fraud or were convicted of it. Former Chairman Stanley Goldblum is serving an eight-year sentence in a California federal prison.

A three-year reorganization was run by a court-appointed trustee, Robert Loeffler, a lawyer and former senior vice president of Investors Diversified Services, a mutual-fund complex. Loeffler supervised the settling of \$400 million in claims, appointed a new board of directors, and resigned. The company, operating under the name of Orion, is now based in New Jersey and run by Alan Gruber, a former Xerox executive. It still sells insurance through two healthy companies acquired by Equity. It emerged from reorganization in March, and last month its stock began trading publicly again after a long suspension. The company turned a profit even during the reorganization—\$4.6 million during this year's first nine months, on sales of \$55.5 million. In a way, Equity/Orion has also earned money for Analyst Dirks. He faces a Securities and Exchange Commission hearing on charges, which he denies, that he failed to tell the SEC or the public about the fraud before he informed big stockholders. But he co-authored a book, *The Great*

EQUITY REORGANIZER LOEFFLER



ANTA'S TOLBERT IN HIS OKLAHOMA OFFICE
Picking up the tarnished pieces.

employees, slashing the ranks at the Oklahoma headquarters from 500 to 26. Unprofitable nursing centers were closed and sold off, and acquisitions were made in new fields: aluminum and packaging. During its most recent fiscal year the company earned \$2.8 million on sales of \$75 million. The Four Seasons name lives on, as a subsidiary of Anta—a Choctaw Indian word that means "rest and abide."

EQUITY FUNDING CORP., now Orion Capital Corp. Record high stock price (1969): \$86. Low before suspension



ECONOMY & BUSINESS

Wall Street Scandal, that has sold 25,000 copies and is being made into a movie.

WESTEC, now Tech-Sym. Record high stock price (1966) \$67. Low (1974) 37¢. Last week: 75¢. Westec was a Texas-based real estate-mining-drilling equipment conglomerate that collapsed in 1966 after officers had inflated earnings and assets to drive up the price of the stock. Its founder, Jim Williams, served three years of a 15-year sentence, and is running a counseling service in Houston. Orville Carpenter, a court-appointed trustee, sold off subsidiaries and liquidated debts; managers took pay cuts of 10% to 15%. The company got out of bankruptcy in 1969 and changed its name in 1970; it is now run by Chairman Keith Beeman, who headed a company bought by Westec. Tech-Sym is not out of the woods yet; though it earned \$371,511 on sales of \$13.6 million in 1975, it was in the red for the first nine months of 1976. But, says Vice President Robert E. Moore, "we've operated within the bounds of what is possible, and we've overcome a lot of the old bad feeling."

NATIONAL STUDENT MARKETING CORP. Record high stock price (1969) \$74. Low (1972) 88¢. Last week: \$1.25. NSM mesmerized Wall Street with its dazzle, its ideas for selling a variety of products to young adults (mostly college students), its youthful executives who smiled wholesomely from the company's glossy annual reports. "Synergy" was their watchword: acquisitions would create an entity more profitable than the parts tallied individually. But to fulfill its projections NSM faked sales, earnings and assets. Its founder, Cortes Wesley Randall, now about 40, spent several months in prison, and today is an "acquisition consultant" in Washington.

NSM did not go bankrupt, a fact noted proudly by Chairman Joseph Cottrell, 52, who joined the company in one of its acquisitions in 1969 (he took NSM stock in payment for his own company and "lost almost everything I made for 25 years"). Cottrell sold off half of NSM's 20 companies and pulled out of the college market. The Chicago-based company now runs school buses in four states and sells shirts, insurance, and travel services. NSM lost \$6.7 million as recently as 1974, but it earned almost \$1 million last year and in the first nine months of 1976 reported a record profit of \$4.3 million on sales of \$35.9 million.

Though these companies survive, no one on Wall Street expects them to command anything like their former stock prices. The crash of the highfliers left a bitter legacy of investor disillusionment. "Those stocks did more damage than people realize," says William LeFevre, an analyst with Granger & Co. Indeed, small stockholders have pulled out of the market in droves, leaving trading largely to institutional investors who deal mostly in blue chips. It is currently a dull market, but no one misses the excitement once built on false hopes.

THE LAW

Death-Row Dramatics

"My soul is on fire and is screaming to vacate this ugly house."

—Gary Mark Gilmore

On the very day last week that Gary Gilmore had originally hoped to be executed by a Utah firing squad (TIME, Nov. 22), he was visited by Nicole Barrett, 20, the divorcee who broke off with him just before he committed two murders. The couple kissed and embraced during their prison meeting. But they were not left alone, and she had been closely searched. After the meeting, Nicole announced they were engaged, but when reporters asked about the wedding date, she said, "It doesn't matter." The next morning in his cell and her home, each swallowed overdoses of Seconal sleeping pills.

Practice Slash. Discovered a short time later (he by a guard, she by a neighbor), they were rushed to different hospitals. He had apparently taken only some ten to 20 pills and was soon back in prison. She had taken more Seconal, plus a second bottle of Dalmane sleeping pills, and was in a critical coma for several days. Prison officials had had reason to suspect a possible suicide pact. Gilmore, who dabbles in poetry as well as drawing, had written Nicole from his cell: "Hang myself? ... I may do that." She had written him that she had practiced suicide by slashing one wrist. "What a wonderful feeling," she said in a letter that officials at the prison read. Extra precautions were taken as a result, and authorities still do not know how the pills were slipped to the condemned man.

For Gilmore, the suicide bid may have taken him still further from his desired death—a desire that some psychologists now believe may have motivated his apparently random killings. A pardon-board hearing of his case was de-

layed last week until December so that he can recover. To head off another suicide try—so that the state may execute him at the legally chosen time—Gilmore will now be held in the infirmary in "as close to solitary confinement as this prison has had in years," said Warden Samuel Smith. Meantime Gilmore has little to do except mull over the book and movie offers that are pouring in.

The delays in Gilmore's case may transfer to Robert Excel White the lugubrious distinction of becoming the first person executed in the U.S. in nearly a decade. Recently convicted of a triple murder during a shooting spree in Texas, he requested and got an early execution date: Dec. 10. He too wants to die, and because the Texas capital-punishment statute was one of three specifically upheld by the U.S. Supreme Court last July, there are few court maneuvers open to any legal opponents of the death penalty. White may pursue his execution even more splashily than Gilmore. He declares that he wants it to take place quickly in the electric chair as "my way of expressing my gratitude for the way justice is being preserved."

BY JAMES M. HARRIS AND JAMES M. HARRIS



GILMORE BEFORE SUICIDE ATTEMPT



GILMORE'S DRAWING OF NICOLE BARRETT

NEW! PALL MALL RED WITH A FILTER

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America's
best-tasting
cigarette...
made to taste
even milder
with a filter.

Ask for
Pall Mall Filter King-
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Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
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The new Kodak Ektasound movie camera has a microphone right on the handle. It's big news and it's so convenient. It gives you freedom of movement. You can take sound movies without microphone cords and without placing a microphone.

The on-camera microphone is only one of many features designed to make it easier than ever to take sound movies indoors or out, without movie lights.

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A camera-on light lets your subjects know when movies are being taken. New signals include a viewfinder film gauge that lets you see how much film you have left. There are two models you can choose from—one with a zoom lens.

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Now you can step up to an Olds priced under \$5000.

Even good gas economy comes standard.



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Who says an "economy" car has to look like an economy car? This one's an Oldsmobile—and looks it!

The Price: \$4,194*

Makes a lot of "economy" cars look over-priced.

The Mileage:

26 mpg highway, 19 city.

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The price shown includes automatic transmission, AM radio, belted bias-ply white-wall tires, body side striping and chrome wheel discs.



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Cutlass style and Cutlass comfort—with your choice of cloth or vinyl-trimmed seats.

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Making this the most affordable Cutlass going.

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The price shown includes automatic transmission, AM radio, glass-belted radial whitewall tires, body side striping and chrome wheel discs.

*Manufacturer's suggested retail price, including dealer preparation. Tax, license, destination charges, and other available equipment additional.

Oldsmobile

Can we build one for you?

Rosy Reporting

Desegregation works. That was the major conclusion of a report the U.S. Commission on Civil Rights issued last August. The \$2.3 million study (TIME, Sept. 6) declared that despite headlines about busing violence, 82% of the nation's school districts have desegregated without serious disruption, and only 10% report any decline in the levels of education. A pleased Commission Chairman Arthur Flemming stated, "We are prepared to debate the soundness of this conclusion with anyone."

Just such a debate is now taking place within Flemming's own organization. Researcher Duane Lindstrom of the commission's Midwest regional office has resigned in protest against what he calls the report's distortion. Said Lindstrom: "We were told beforehand by Washington that the purpose of the study was to show desegregation worked." Advisory committees in Illinois and Michigan have also denounced the report as biased in favor of good news.

Though all these critics support desegregation, they nonetheless accuse the commission of rigging the evidence. Produced by 162 commission staffers in ten months' time, the report based its findings on four hearings (in Boston, Louisville, Denver and Tampa, Fla.), four open meetings (in Berkeley, Calif., Minneapolis, Stamford, Conn., and Corpus Christi, Texas), a mail survey of 1,300 school districts, and analyses of 29 school districts scattered across the nation. But in a memo to the eight regional directors, the commission director of field operations, Isiah T. Creswell Jr., wrote: "In the hearings, the emphasis will be more on districts that have made positive steps toward desegregation, or that have achieved a relatively higher degree of desegregation with relatively fewer problems."

New Thrust. The four open meetings were intended to cover only districts where desegregation was working—in order to determine why it had worked—while the 29 case studies were to be divided among those districts where there had been no progress, moderate progress, and substantial progress. Yet, in the end, only three of the districts chosen fell into the first category.

Three weeks after the report was issued,

the commission renewed its demands for favorable data. It sent to all the regional offices a memo titled "New Thrust Follow-Up," asking for reports on the "applicability of the commission's findings." Specifically, it directed: "Your monographs will show that desegregation has been successful at the local level for the reasons the commission reports, or that it can and will be more successful if local leadership responds as the commission recommends."

At Washington headquarters, the staffers' criticisms have put top officials on the defensive. Chairman Flemming,



CIVIL RIGHTS COMMISSION CHAIRMAN ARTHUR FLEMMING
"We are advocates . . . of the Constitution."

who instigated the hastily prepared report after being impressed by testimony at a 1973 commission hearing in Boston, concedes that "some of the writing in the memos was not good." But, he adds: "We obviously are advocates for the implementation of the Constitution. When we started this study we had a feeling there was more positive evidence for desegregation than appeared on the surface." Dissenter Lindstrom speaks for the critics, however, when he argues that it might have been possible to "prove the same damn thing" if the commission had used an unbiased approach. He adds: "I don't think the report proves desegregation does not work. It just doesn't prove anything."

The Would-Be Doctor

Do university admissions programs that favor minority applicants violate the civil rights of whites? The "reverse discrimination" question came before the Supreme Court two years ago in the case of *Marcelo DeFunis*, who had sued the University of Washington Law School for barring him while accepting a minority student with lower test scores than his. But *DeFunis*, who had been admitted by order of a lower court, had nearly finished his studies by the time his case reached the Supreme Court, and so the Justices declined to make a ruling. Since then several similar cases have come before the lower courts, with mixed results. Now the Supreme Court appears ready to rule on the issue.

The case arose at the Medical School of the University of California at Davis, which reserves 16 out of 100 places in each entering class for minority students. That quota system at Davis was challenged by Civil Engineer Allan Bakke, 36, who has degrees from Minnesota and Stanford, and scored in the 95th percentile on his entrance tests. Bakke, a somewhat mysterious figure who refuses to be interviewed or photographed, says through a lawyer only that he finds engineering "unsatisfying and that he believes medicine would be "more rewarding."

The Court Speaks. The California Supreme Court supported Bakke and declared that racial discrimination is illegal even "if the race discriminated against is the majority rather than the minority." Instead of relying on a quota system, it said, the university might enroll more minority students by means of active recruiting and remedial teaching. The university was dubious. Says its general counsel, Donald Reidhaar: "No one has yet been able to come up with other really effective special admissions programs."

The university asked the Supreme Court to stay the California court's decision until it could prepare an appeal. Last week it granted that stay for 30 days. Paradoxically, however, many civil rights leaders opposed the appeal for fear that the Supreme Court might strike down many affirmative action programs. Explained a Mexican-American civil-rights official, Frank Cronin: "Virtually all of the court decisions that have ordered goals or quotas or affirmative action as remedies have been based on a judicial finding of past discrimination. The university didn't produce any history of discrimination. Tactically, this case is kind of a loser." Despite such objections, the university's board of regents voted at week's end to seek an authoritative ruling by filing its appeal to the Supreme Court.

The Call of the Wilderness

Manhattanites in plaid flannel shirts and crepe-soled leather boots are hiking down Fifth Avenue. Students in goose-down vests and baggy sweatpants are trekking through Harvard Square. Dudes in lumber jackets are hanging out in Beverly Hills. Few of these folks have a clue how to swing a fly rod or an ax. But they do know that outdoor gear designed for the backwoods has come in from the cold for wear everywhere.

The new First Family may help push the roughing-it fashions into high gear. The President-elect clomps around Plains, Ga., in cowhide ankle boots, blue jeans and flannel shirt. Brother Billy breakfasted (on grits and Pabst) at the Best Western Motel in Americus, Ga., last week wearing denims and a blue plaid shirt opened to reveal his new, post-election T shirt emblazoned with REDNECK LOBBYIST. Of course, to them and many Americans the gear look is an old look, something they have been comfortably wearing for years.

Long Johns. Such backwoods garb is actually as old as the hills—and mountains and streams—where the clothes fit in best. Venerable firms like L.L. Bean of Freeport, Me., Eddie Bauer of Seattle and Goekeys of St. Paul have been doing a brisk mail-order business in such gear for 50 years or more. Says Bean's bemused merchandising manager, Fred McCabe, "Fashion has just come round to us. We certainly haven't gone fashionable ourselves."

No one at Bean's is complaining, since business has jumped 30% each year since 1967. The famous quarterly Bean catalogue, crammed with nylon

gaiters, duck-hunting caps, long johns and the like, now goes out to 2 million geared-up customers. After operating only one retail outlet (in Seattle) for 18 years, Eddie Bauer has opened nine new stores across the nation since 1971. At Goekeys, the mailing list has grown by almost half since last year. The new country-chic look has even received benediction from fashion critics who

gave out Coty awards (fashion's Oscars) last September to five manufacturers of outdoor wear.

Several well-known designers have climbed aboard the hayride, turning out country-look garb at double and triple the prices of the catalogue merchandise. Ralph Lauren, 37, has made the rough-hewn look the backbone of his collection. His Harris tweed hacking jacket is a highly styled—and highly priced (\$256)—version of a riding jacket sold for \$79.50 by the equestrian outfitter. Miller's of New York, Louis Vuitton has whipped up a knapsack (\$275) blanketed with the familiar i.v.s. Patti Cappali, 37, has turned out a little mink-lined lumber jacket (\$450) and Alice Blaine, 33, is into Army twill pants and cowl-necked sweaters made out of sweatshirt fabric. "I really studied the catalogues," admits Blaine unabashedly. "But I changed the proportion, the fit, the cut. You have to be Lauren Hutton to look terrific in one of those green grizzly things from the catalogues."

Swaddling Coats. Even European designers are getting into the north-country spirit. Paris' Jean-Charles de Castelbajac, 26, is the most nobly savage of the pack. His collection includes sweatpants (\$98) tucked into linen or leather booties, parkas with built-in knapsacks (\$160) and swaddling coats made from blanket material (\$355). Proclaims Castelbajac: "The outdoors look is a reaction to dullness."

Not to mention a move back to the basics. As Grace Mirabella, editor in chief of *Vogue* explains it, "There was a momentum building of the casual, down-to-earth way of dressing, there was casual day, casual city, casual night. It hit its peak this year." Adds Elsa



MANHATTANITE IN PLAID (ABOVE): CARTER RELAXING IN GEAR



A COZY CASTELBAJAC (LOWER LEFT): GOOSE-DOWN VEST NEAR HARVARD



Klensch, an editor at *Harper's Bazaar*: "The gear look makes it easier for women to manage in the tough city life. We have to cope with things like racing up subway steps. That's hard in high-heeled boots." Some country-look converts, however, do not stop at the subway. Eddie Bauer proudly waves a letter from a satisfied San Francisco customer who turned one of the firm's goose-down bathrobes into an evening cloak. Trilled she: "I wore it to the opera."

Odds & Trends

Eggs on Edge. A good egg, concluded a former knitwear manufacturer in Miami, is a square egg. At least when it is hard-boiled and prone in its natural shape to roll across a plate. Thus Stan Pargman set up the Square Egg Co. to make a clear acrylic contraption that encases a cooked, peeled egg and, after ten minutes in a refrigerator, releases it reshaped. Is the world ready for it? Apparently Los Angeles is. When 1,000 of the gadgets went on sale in May Co. department stores there last month, they were snapped up in one day. A reorder of 5,000 went almost as quickly. The buyers did not seem to care that they could immobilize wandering egg-shaped eggs simply by cutting them in half—and still get a square meal.

Making Merry. With vodka having overtaken bourbon as the nation's best-selling liquor, the U.S. distributors of the famed Angostura bitters have marketed their first new product in 150 years: the Angostura Bloody Merry-Maker. Unlike the other Bloody Mary mixes that have long been available, Angostura's version is all additives, leaving the bartender to provide his own tomato juice and vodka. The idea behind the bottled blend of Worcestershire sauce, natural lemon flavor, bitters and spices is to let drinkers mix their Bloody Marys to taste. Each eight-fluid-ounce bottle (\$1.60) can be used for up to 50 drinks—fewer, of course, if some like it hot.

Baubles That Blink. Elizabeth Taylor's jewels sparkle. Lou Rawls' pendant and Joe Frazier's sweater pins merely blink. The singer and former heavyweight boxing champion are early addicts of a new kind of costume jewelry that is fitted with special electronic circuits and powered by a hearing-aid battery. A small Phoenix company, H.A. Register, Inc., introduced the baubles last July, and has sold some 26,000 (retail price: \$15). The blinking red lights are embedded in small, gold-colored trinkets, variously designed as traffic lights, question marks and Santa Claus, among other things. They can augment conversation. When a patron at the Phoenix Playboy Club asked a Bunny why the red light on her traffic-signal pendant, suspended above an intersection, was blinking, she sweetly responded: "Red means stop. Proceed with caution."

De-tarred but not de-tasted.

Lower
in tar
than all
the
Lights



	tar mg/cig	nicotine mg/cig
Royal Extra Mild	14	0.9
Viceroy Extra Mild	14	0.9
Winston Lights	13	0.9
Menthol Lights	13	0.8
Kings Milds	13	0.8
Soft Lights	12	0.9
White	11	0.7
Mild	9	0.7
Kings Golden Lights	8	0.7
PALL MALL Extra Mild	7	0.6

Only
7mg. tar

Of all brands, lowest tar 1 mg. mg.
0.1 mg. nicotine per cig. by FTC method.

PALL MALL EXTRA MILD

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

7 mg. "tar," 0.6 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.

COVER STORY

The Most Living Artist

In art, as in most other matters, the '70s have not yet been named. Historians looking back on American art in the '60s see movements and orthodoxies—Pop art, minimal art, conceptual art, Op art, color-field painting, doctrines about flatness and framing edge, proscriptions, mandates. The categories rattle briskly like punch cards in their slots. Art in the '70s is more polymorphous, less ambitious, harder to sort out. The present creed proclaims belief in the Either, the Or and the Holy Both.

During the 1960s, formalism conferred an almost messianic exclusiveness on taste. If one was "for" one kind of art, one was expected to be "against" others. Besides, a new class of collectors, anxious to commit their money only to sure bets—to what would be Historically Inevitable, to the mainstream of culture—wanted authorities. Not today. The American mainstream has fanned out into a delta, in which the traditional idea of an avant-garde has drowned. Thus, in defiance of the dogma that realist painting was killed by abstract art and photography, realism has come back in as many forms as there are painters.

From the cool, detailed gaze of photorealism on its plastic environment to romantic landscapists in Maine to the obsessive stare of the California painter who took seven years to finish a small picture of a few inches of sand, grain by grain, the variety is infinite. Photography has acquired a status unimaginable a decade ago. Meanwhile, abstract painters, released from the severity of their mission, are no longer embarrassed by pattern and decoration. As the desire to paint one's way into history recedes, a new subjectivity has replaced it, a free permit to import life whole into art through video, performance and participation. A broad and knowing eclecticism prevails.

Inside it, a symbolically charged event is the retrospective of some 160 works by Robert Rauschenberg, which opened last month at the National Collection of Fine Arts at the Smithsonian Institution in Washington, D.C. (and will travel throughout 1977 to New York's Museum of Modern Art and to museums in San Francisco, Buffalo and Chicago). With his anarchic sweetness and prodigious talent, Rauschenberg, now 51, has for the best part of 25 years been the *enfant terrible* of American modernism: a permanent scallawag, handing out indulgences to all comers. He is a model of the joy of art.

Rauschenberg is best known for having opened up the tracts of imagery that were occupied in the '60s by Pop art. But as one goes through the show, skillfully boiled down by the Smithsonian's curator of 20th century painting, Walter Hopps, from Rauschenberg's enormous and dispersed output of combines, paintings, silk screens, sculptures and prints, it becomes plain that there has not been much antiformalist American art that Rauschenberg's prancing, careless and fecund talent did not either hint at or directly provoke. It is to him that is owed much of the basic cultural assumption that a work of art can exist for any length of

time, in any material (from a stuffed goat to a live human body), anywhere (on a stage, in front of a television camera, underwater, on the surface of the moon or in a sealed envelope), for any purpose (turn-on, contemplation, amusement, invocation, threat), and any destination it chooses, from the museum to the trash can. "A protean genius," Art Historian Robert Rosenblum calls him. "Every artist after 1960 who challenged the restrictions of painting and sculpture and believed that all of life was open to art is indebted to Rauschenberg—forever."

There are, of course, dissenting views. In the '60s, Rauschenberg was loathed in formalist quarters and suspected in others. His taste was always facile and omnivorous, a fact somewhat masked by Hopps' careful choice of works in the show. But mainly, it was the man's variety and good humor that jarred. He did not give a fig for the lines of high seriousness imposed by the hardcore New York art world. His reputation would look after itself, he would not tend it. Besides, Rauschenberg was a natural dissipater. The sight of him in his porcupine-quill leather jacket, erect but reeling slightly, marinated with Jack Daniel's, cackling like a Texan loon and trying to get his arm around everyone at once, was too familiar.

FEMALE FIGURE (BLUEPRINT), 1949



Thus Rauschenberg did not always get the credit he deserved—not even for his altruism, which was without recent parallel in New York art circles. It was Rauschenberg who threw his reputation, and much of his time, behind the Artists' Rights movement and its steadily strengthening lobby for artists' royalties on the resale of paintings. It was Rauschenberg who, knowing the ponderousness with which foundations disgorge grants, set up and largely endowed Change, Inc.—a fund from which artists with urgent cash trouble could get small sustaining grants within a matter of days. He could afford to help: his recent *Hearfrost* multiples sell for up to \$4,000 each; the 1962 silk-screen *Barge* could well command \$500,000 on the market today. "Bob has put more of his money and time back into the art world than any artist alive," says one of his acquaintances. "He needs to believe in an art community. It's straight out of St. Paul—We must love one another or die."

Milton Rauschenberg (he changed his name to Robert as a young man) was born on Oct. 22, 1925, in Port Arthur, Texas, a shabby, humid oil-refinery town on the Gulf of Mexico. His father, Ernest Rauschenberg, was the son of an immigrant doctor from Berlin who had drifted to southern Texas and married a Cherokee. Port Arthur was no cultural center. Its symphony orchestra was the jukebox, the comics its museum. The nearest thing to art one could see was the cheap chromo-litho holy cards pinned up in the Rauschenberg living room (the whole family was devoutly active in the local Church of Christ). Decades later Rauschenberg would allude to the gaudy iconic nostalgia of those cards in early combines like *Collection*, 1953-54.



Robert Rauschenberg's Retroactive I, 1964



Collection, 1953-54



Odalisk, 1955-58



Rebus, 1955



Levee, 1955



Pull



Booster, 1967

Pilot (Jammer), 1975

and *Charlene*, 1954. His education was spotty. He went to public schools in Port Arthur and graduated from high school there in 1942. "I excelled in poor grades," Rauschenberg remembers. He is still an execrable speller. In the fall of 1942 he enrolled in a pharmacy course at the University of Texas in Austin, but Rauschenberg's fondness for animals spoiled that vocation. "I was expelled within six months for refusing to dissect a live frog in anatomy class." By then, however, America was at war and Rauschenberg entered the U.S. Navy. He was shunted off to the Navy hospital-corps school in San Diego as a mental-hospital nurse. Rauschenberg spent 2½ years, the rest of the war, working in various hospitals in California. "This is where I learned how little difference there is between sanity and madness—and realized that a combination of both is what everyone needs."

Whenever he got a pass that gave him a few days off from the cuckoo's nest, Rauschenberg would simply head for the nearest highway and start thumbing rides to anywhere. On one of these time-killing trips, Rauschenberg heard about the cactus garden at the Huntington Library in San Marino. He went there—and found that the library had paintings in it, the first "real" paintings he had ever seen. Sir Joshua Reynolds' *Portrait of Mrs. Siddons as the Tragic Muse* and Thomas Gainsborough's *The Blue Boy*. These suave, bright ghosts of Georgian culture stupefied Rauschenberg. He had never in his life looked at a work of art as art, and the first thing that struck him was "that someone had thought these things out and made them. Behind each of them was a man whose profession it was to make them. That just never occurred to me before."

So Rauschenberg decided he would paint. He found some pigments and brushes. There was no privacy in the barracks, and to be seen painting would have provoked endless ridicule. One night Rauschenberg locked himself in the latrine with a scrap of cardboard on his knee and secretly made his first daub, a portrait of a Navy buddy. Thirty years later, he still thinks of that illicit first night as exemplary. "There always ought to be an element of secrecy, of criminality, about making art," he says. "But if you're successful, it's hard to maintain. We all get comfortable in the end. That's what happens to rascals."

Discharged from the Navy in 1945, Rauschenberg decided to study art. He signed up as a student at the Kansas City Art Institute under the G.I. Bill of Rights. Every spare dime was set aside for a trip to Europe, the statutory voyage to Mecca, which he made in 1948. "I was certain that one had to study in Paris if one was an artist. I think I was at least 15 years late." He did study, briefly, at the Académie Julian, but since he spoke not a word of French, the instruction had little effect. He felt unfocused, self-indulgent and queasy, surrounded by an already-academized modern tradition that he could not grasp.

But in the school he met his future wife, an American student named Susan Weil. They went back together to the U.S. in the fall of 1948. Rauschenberg had read a *TIME* article about the pioneer abstractionist Josef Albers, the veteran of the Bauhaus who was teaching at Black Mountain College in North Carolina. Albers was held in awe as a theorist and a disciplinarian, an inspired *Junker*. Discipline was what Rauschenberg felt he needed.

Rauschenberg turned out to be one of the most successful artists Albers ever taught, but Albers loathed his work. "I don't want to know who did that," he would say as he entered the classroom, pointing at Rauschenberg's latest effort. Years later, when questioned about Rauschenberg, the old maestro snapped: "To date I have had something like 600,000 students. I can't be expected to remember all of them." Rauschenberg, in turn, was alarmed by his teacher. His unsystematic, jackdaw mind could not come to grips with Albers' imposing and rigorous thought. "Albers had a marvelous system," he recalls. "Facts plus intimidation. I felt crushed. I would have done anything to please him: that was where the pain lay. Albers disliked my work exceedingly. I felt I could never do anything worthwhile. I had no background and no damn foreground either."

Yet one of the Bauhaus-type exercises Albers assigned to his students was the root of Rauschenberg's later practice: they had to find "interesting" discarded objects—anything from old tin

cans to bicycle wheels to stones—and bring them into class as examples of accidental aesthetic form. Moreover, the stringent color exercises that Albers set would ultimately have a lot to do with the severe paintings Rauschenberg made between 1951 and '53: all-white and then all-black panels, the latter painted over a wrinkled mulch of newspaper, with no relationships of color. Twenty-five years ago, these pictures looked absurd; today they seem prescient. Art history has caught up with them, and the work of some of the most admired younger American painters—Robert Ryman's all-white paintings, Bruce Marden's monochrome slabs of encaustic—can be traced back to them. "Albers," says Rauschenberg, "did give me a sense of discipline that I couldn't have worked without."

But there was a more general sense of ferment at Black Mountain, because the composer John Cage and his friend Merce Cunningham, the dancer-choreographer, were among the innovators living there. If it can be said that advanced art in America through the '50s and early '60s had one single native guru, that man was Cage: at once the most avant-garde and the most trans-



RAUSCHENBERG WORKS ON MOLD FOR PAPER PRINT, 1973

Veils, lighter fluid, mud, albino skin and collaboration.

parent of composers, the Marcel Duchamp of music, the man who erected combinations of silence and random sound into an aesthetic strategy in order to give art the inclusive density of life. It was Cage's example that prompted Rauschenberg to formulate his much-quoted remark that "painting relates to both art and life... I try to act in the gap between the two."

A painter could not compete with the saintly and difficult presences of Cage and Cunningham, but one could collaborate, and Rauschenberg did. Through the '50s and early '60s he designed sets and costumes for Cunningham's dance troupe. To a remarkable degree, Rauschenberg eventually made himself the conduit through which some of the big money made in the '60s by new art, including his own, was siphoned to the "profitless" avant-garde, that of dance and music. In doing so, he felt he was only paying his dues, for when Rauschenberg moved to New York in the fall of 1949 he joined the group of dancers and musicians gathered around Cage, Cunningham and Morton Feldman; they, more than the New York painters, gave him his first

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sense of a real community of artists. "All we had in common was our excitement and poverty. I didn't feel at home with the motivations of the painters who were around—though I liked the work well enough. There was a lot of self-pity in the air, a sense of being miscreated by the world. I never felt that I had the feeling from my early church background that, well, it's you who decided to live this life, and that's the moral choice. Cage and I used to sell our books to eat. There were times when I felt miserable. But having to decide, 'Is this what you want to do?' each day—that put a lot of joy into the work too."

There was seldom enough money to buy proper materials, so Rauschenberg used improper ones. Blueprint paper in wide sheets cost \$1.75 a roll, he and Susan Weil (they were married in 1950, and their son Christopher was born the following year) spread the stuff out on the floor of their apartment, strewn it with pattern-objects like fishnets and doilies, and one lay down naked on it while the other went over the paper with a portable sun lamp, making giant prints. Only one of the works

PETER MOORE



RAUSCHENBERG AS ROLLER-SKATE DANCER IN PELICAN, 1965
Mixing the media on the banks of the mainstream.

survives: the blue roentgen ghost of a nude, eerily transparent. Later, Rauschenberg put a similar motif—a sectional X ray of his own body—in the largest and most spectacular of his lithographs, *Booster*, 1967.

In these blueprints, two themes of his mature art appeared. The first was collaboration: he worked with his wife on them, as he would work with others in theater, dance and printing. "Ideas aren't real estate; they grow collectively, and that knocks out the egotistical loneliness that generally infects art."

The second, equally important, was the idea that a painting's surface was an impartial collector of images. Anything could be dropped on the blueprints and leave its mark. Soon afterward, Rauschenberg made grass paintings—bundles of soil and plant matter held together with chicken wire, from which seedlings sprouted. (The last of these modest forerunners of earth art perished of cold and thirst in his loft down by the Fulton Street docks in 1954.) The results of this clownish exercise, as it looked then, would be of capital importance to modern art.

By now Rauschenberg was living in the middle of a junk-cramped environment—Manhattan—a place that every week

threw away more artifacts than were made in a year in 18th-century Paris. An afternoon's stroll could furnish him with a complete "palette" of things to make art with: cardboard cartons, striped police barriers, sea tar, a stuffed bird, a broken umbrella, a shaving mirror, grimy postcards. These relics were sorted out in his studio, glued to surfaces, punctuated with slathers of paint. They emerged as large-scale collages, to which Rauschenberg gave the name combines. At first they were relatively flat. *Collection* was almost an orthodox collage: layers of souvenir-like junk half-effaced by swaths and spatters of bright red paint. (Rauschenberg liked color to have the same "given" quality as a found object; discovering some unlabeled cans of house paint on sale for 5c each, he opened them and painted with whatever color he found inside.)

Of course, the roots of Rauschenberg's combines are fixed in the history of collage and particularly in the work of the German Dadaist Kurt Schwitters. Rauschenberg remembers being "amazed" by the Schwitters collages he saw at the Museum of Modern Art, and he was particularly influenced by the way they were composed on a horizontal-vertical grid. "He wasn't using diagonals. I hate diagonals!" The effect shows in works like *Rebus*, 1955—a curiously fugitive image despite its size, full of airy space and images of flight: the winds from Botticelli's *Birth of Venus*, photographs of a bee, a dragonfly, a mosquito and a fly's eye. Gradually the objects became more dominant. Rauschenberg stretched his bed quilt over an improvised frame, added a pillow, and covered both with streaks and drips of paint. The result, *Bed*, 1955, was to become one of the *objets de scandale* of American art.

Because of the aggressive distinctness of some of the things in Rauschenberg's work, it was assumed by his best interpreters that the combines could carry no symbolic, still less narrative meaning. "There are no secret messages in Rauschenberg," wrote the late art historian Alan Solomon in 1963, "no program of social or political dissent transmitted in code."

Certainly, Rauschenberg's combines have no political content worth looking for. Virtually no "major" American art of the '50s did—the mood was one of apolitical quietism, and it was assumed that art had no chance of reforming the world. Yet a number of the combines do seem, at this distance, to be "coded." The title of *Odalisque*, 1955-58, directs us to a favorite image of those two sultans of French art, Ingres and Matisse—the harem nude. Rauschenberg parodies that: the box on its post alludes to a human figure; a torso, teetering on its absurd harem cushion. The sides of the box are plastered with pinups and reproductions of classical nudes. Finally, the stuffed chicken on top of the box reminds us that one of the many French terms for an expensive courtesan is a *poule de luxe*.

Rauschenberg's combines, like the work of his friend and mentor Marcel Duchamp, are seeded with such puns, parallels and quirks of meaning. Like Duchamp, he was given to embedding a kind of ironic lechery in his images—the supreme example being *Monogram*, 1959. *Monogram* remains the most notorious of Rauschenberg's combines: a stuffed Angora goat, girdled with a tire. The title is self-fulfilling—it is Rauschenberg's monogram, the sign by which he is best known—but why did it become so famous? Partly because of its unacknowledged life as a powerful sexual fetish. The lust of the goat, as William Blake remarked in a somewhat different context, is the bounty of God, and *Monogram* is an image of copulation.

In the collective memory of the New York art world, the decade 1955-64 has an almost magical air: a bath of transformations. Rauschenberg entered it as a frog and emerged a certified prince holding the first prize of the 1964 Venice Biennale. By 1955 the achievement of the abstract expressionists—Pollock, Gorky, de Kooning, Still, Rothko, Kline, Motherwell—was recognized across the Atlantic, and the aesthetic colonization of Europe by New York art began in earnest. In this momentous shift of taste, energy and locus, a younger generation of American artists would be the legatees. Its symbolic twins, its Castor and Pollux, were Robert Rauschenberg and Jasper Johns.

They met around the end of 1954. Both felt like hicks. Johns came from South Carolina and was painfully shy; Rauschenberg, especially when flown with bourbon, was wont to describe

himself as "white Taxis trash." By this time, Rauschenberg's marriage had mutated into friendship, and there had been a divorce in 1953. In 1955 Rauschenberg moved into a loft in the building in lower Manhattan where Johns had his studio. They supported themselves by doing window displays for Tiffany and Bonwit Teller.

Yet they had surprisingly little in common as artists. Johns' work was oblique, carefully thought out, exquisitely modulated (the encaustic surfaces of his flags and targets and maps are among the loveliest pieces of pure painting done in the 20th century); the product of a high and guarded intelligence, it bristled with irony and paradox. It was all about indirection, the difficulty of seeing anything clearly, of naming anything right. The formal enigmas of Johns' art were wholly unlike the sunny, ebullient appetites of Rauschenberg. Johns made one look and think. Rauschenberg made one look and look. Rauschenberg breathed out, Johns in. This came to work against Rauschenberg, for what the higher '60s criticism most liked in art was to discern internal systems in a work. As Art Critic Brian O'Doherty remarked, "Johns provided everything the New York critical intelligence requires to requite its own narcissism."

FRANK SOUKA



AVANT-GARDE COMPOSER JOHN CAGE

The main audience Rauschenberg found in the '50s lay among his fellow artists, the younger ones who would diversely shape the "look" of the '60s: James Rosenquist, Claes Oldenburg, Robert Morris, Jean Tinguely—the happening makers, the creators of Pop art. Says Rauschenberg: "We were relieved of the responsibility the abstract expressionists had. They had fought the battle of showing there was such a thing as American art; we didn't have that problem. We were undistracted by things we couldn't imagine, like art collectors and taxes. There was a very strong sense of just getting up and doing something."

Nothing could be farther from the truth than the often-raised notion that Rauschenberg was engaged in some Oedipal battle against abstract expressionism. This idea was fostered by one of his best-known gestures, that of erasing a de Kooning pencil drawing. Actually, de Kooning gave Rauschenberg the drawing for that purpose; as far as the younger artist was concerned, it was an act of homage to de Kooning. Indeed, the painted areas of Rauschenberg's combines, with their spitting bravado of touch, are a meditation on the abstract expressionist legacy; they extend rather than reject it.

TIME, NOVEMBER 29, 1976

PAINTER-TEACHER JOSEF ALBERS



PAINTER-PRINTMAKER JASPER JOHNS

The surfaces of Rauschenberg's combines were meant to seem unselective: each was a rendezvous where the common images of the day could display themselves without having to listen to judgments from an artist on their relative "importance." In that sense, they contained no junk: all the stuffed birds and tires were, so to speak, in Paradise. But could the same hospitable casualness of images be rendered without those objects? In 1959-60 Rauschenberg made a set of illustrations to Dante's *Inferno*. He found that newsprint, vetted with lighter fluid and then rubbed, will transfer a grey ghost of itself to paper. This opened his work to a stream of image-quotation, cold from the press. In the "Dante drawings," Virgil, the Guide, appears alternately as Adlai Stevenson and a baseball umpire; Dante is a nondescript

KENNETH KUTNER



DANCER-CHOREOGRAPHER MERCE CUNNINGHAM

figure in a towel, which Rauschenberg found in a *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED* ad; centaurs turn into racing cars; and demons into gas-masked soldiers.

The next step was to print large images on canvas with silk screens. The silk-screen paintings that Rauschenberg made between 1962 and '65 had a brilliantly heightened documentary flavor. The canvas trapped images, accumulating them. One was reminded of the shuttle and flicker of a TV set as the dial is clicked: rocket, eagle, Kennedy, dancer, oranges, box, all registered with the peacock-hued, amine-sharp intensity of electronic color. The subject was glut.

The best of the color silk-screen paintings, like *Retrospective I*,

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1964, are such soaring bel canto that one is apt to skip over the odd resonance of their images. Consider the red patch in the lower right corner: a silk-screen enlargement of a stroboscopic photo by Gjon Mili of a walking nude, done in imitation of Duchamp's *Nude Descending a Staircase*, which was itself based on an earlier sequential photo by Marey. The image stutters backward through technological time. But then it also looks like the grief-stricken Adam and Eve in Masaccio's *Expulsion from Eden*, and that turns the enormous grainy effigy of John Kennedy (then dead), with its repeated pointing hand, into a type of vengeful deity. Rauschenberg has had great moments of social irony. "The day will come," Edmond de Goncourt wrote in his journal in 1861, "when all the modern nations will adore a sort of American god, about whom much will have been written in the popular press; and images of this god will be set up in the churches, not as the imagination of each individual painter may fancy him, but established, fixed once and for all by photography. On that day civilization will have reached its peak, and there will be steam-propelled gondolas in Venice."

In 1964 Rauschenberg was riding in one of these gondolas, through the mighty hoo-ha raised by his winning the first prize at the Venice Biennale. Few now doubted that art's center had migrated to New York, and this ignited an orgy of chauvinism on



RAUSCHENBERG AFLOAT BETWEEN WORK SESSIONS IN INDIA, 1975
It travels from the nostrils to the head to the stone.

both sides of the Atlantic. Some forms of success, Degas once said, are indistinguishable from panic. This was one Rauschenberg was now a celebrity, almost the Most Famous Artist in the World. His critics were quick to blame him for every crassness that attended the promotion of Pop art.

As somnambulists mysteriously avoid bumping into the coffee table, Rauschenberg dealt with fame. His instinctive response to being promoted as a culture hero was to stop making one-man art. He went back into the group, and through the rest of the '60s he worked on all manner of collaborative projects: multimedia events, dance, liaisons between art and science. Of course, the group had expanded greatly by now. It contained artists who wanted to work collectively, but there were also dozens of people who simply wanted a piece of Rauschenberg, from saber-toothed politicians' wives and Park Avenue art groupies to eager, ineffectual students. It was not as freaky or snobbish a mix as the circus that Andy Warhol accumulated, but it had its distractions. "Dozens of people ripped Bob off for money and time," a friend from the '60s recalls, "and he knew it, but he never said a word against them."

His most absorbed collaboration was with Billy Klüver, a Swedish laser-research scientist from Bell Telephone Laboratories. In 1966 they started a nonprofit foundation named E.A.T., or Experiments in Art and Technology. Its announced purpose was "to catalyze the inevitable active involvement of industry, technology and the arts." E.A.T. grew out of "Nine Evenings,"

a series of multimedia happenings held in New York in 1966. Its biggest project was the Pepsi-Cola Pavilion at Expo '70 in Osaka, Japan, which drew on the talents of Film Maker Robert Breer, Sculptor Forrest Myers, Artist Robert Whitman and a dozen others.

Rauschenberg's re-entry into continuous production as an artist, after the confusions of the '60s, came through prints. From the moment in 1962 when Rauschenberg made his first lithograph at Tanya Grosman's studio on Long Island, he was infatuated with the medium. The limestone was erotic to him. "It's got all the hardness of rock, but all the frailty and sensitivity of albino skin," he said. By the late '60s he was working with America's two best printers: Tanya Grosman on the East Coast and Kenneth Tyler, head of Gemini, the graphics studio, in Los Angeles. Tyler, who split from Gemini in 1974, is unequivocal in his opinion that "Rauschenberg is absolutely a master. I've talked with printers who've worked with Picasso, Miró, you name them—but their collaboration was very simple compared with Rauschenberg's. Work with him and you get his life, spirit, energy—he's the only two-way street in the art world."

Moreover, Tyler believes that Rauschenberg set out to give lithography the status of a major form. "He was prepared to commit any large-scale idea unselfishly to the print medium." A prime example was *Booster*, at the time the largest hand pulled lithograph ever made: 6 ft. long, printed from two stones. "In the technical sense," says Sidney Felsen, the present co-director of Gemini, "Bob's single biggest gift to lithography was the combining of photo images and hand drawing. But it goes beyond that. Bob's unique. He shies off predetermined ideas so he can react to his surroundings at any given moment. He goes into meditation—vacancy—so that whatever travels through his nostrils and head is exactly what he wants to put on that stone."

Printmaking has given Rauschenberg a luxuriant range of materials and surfaces. He went to France in 1973 to make a suite called *Pages and Fuses* at an old paper mill in Ambert; it consisted of molded and tinted paper with faint images embedded in its surface. In 1975 Rauschenberg and his group—printers, assistants, friends—traveled to India to make multiples of molded paper, bamboo, printed sari cloths and mud. But the delicacy of his touch produced its masterpiece in the *Hoarfrost* series he did with Gemini in 1974. The *Hoarfrosts* (TIME, Jan. 27, 1975) are sheets of silk, chiffon, taffeta, one hung over another. Each sheet is imprinted with images from Rauschenberg's bank. In *Pull*, 1974, the dominant one is of a diver vanishing into a pool, seen from above, swallowed in blue immensity like a man on a space walk. No reproduction can attest to the subtlety of its play between the documentary "reality" of collage and the vague beauties of atmosphere.

Rauschenberg still keeps a base in New York, a rambling 19th century five-story building complete with chapel, on downtown Lafayette Street, converted from its former life as an orphanage and now filled with mementos, drawings, plants, peripatetic assistants and an aged incontinent turtle, which he regards as his caretaker. But in recent years he has spent most of his time in a wooden frame house, built between 15 acres of palm jungle and the coarse shell beach on the island of Captiva, in the Gulf waters that lie south of Tampa, Fla. There, equipped with two lithographic presses, he presides over a working commune of printers and friends, whose timetable has become adjusted to his breakfast at noon, swim, work all afternoon and evening, dinner never earlier than midnight. "You can't imagine," he cackles, "how many disturbances I miss out on down here." This landscape offers the clue to his recent work, beginning with the *Hoarfrosts* and continuing through *Jammers*, a series of delicate sewn constructions of silk, twine and rattan cane. They are without pretension, and hardly displace art at all. They read as a shimmer of color, sails in the light off the beach, past the rattling leaves of the sea grapes, two ambiguous planes meet the shallow coastal water, slicked with weed, taking the light like satin, and the pale sky, colored the rinsed blue of a Tiepolo ceiling. A pelican lumbers by, just airborne, printing its ragged prehistoric silhouette on the fabric of the scene. Once again, as for the past two decades, Rauschenberg's art drains back into its source, the world.

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Goodbye Dolly, Hello Rupert

Rupert Murdoch, 45, the Australian-born press buccaneer, first met Dorothy Schiff, 73, the coquettish editor in chief and publisher of the New York *Post*, one afternoon about six years ago. "I rang her up, as fellow publishers tend to do," he recalls, "told her I was in town and would like to have a look at her plant." It was love at first sight. "I lusted after the *Post*," he says. So had many others. The oldest continuously published daily in the U.S., the *Post* (circ. 500,000) has been the only afternoon paper in the nation's largest city since 1967—but Dolly Schiff had failed

Editor Jack Newfield, himself a former *Post*man. "As usual, the paper was scooped by everybody."

The *Post* has not always been undistinguished. Founded in 1801 by Alexander Hamilton, it has been edited by some of the great names in American letters: William Cullen Bryant, E.L. Godkin, Carl Schurz. Schiff, who was born into a prominent Manhattan banking family, bought the money-losing *Post* in 1939 for her second husband, George Backer. They were later divorced, and she eventually assumed near-dictatorial control of the paper.



AUSTRALIA'S MURDOCH SIGNS PURCHASE PACT WITH *POST* PUBLISHER SCHIFF
Love at first sight and an offer after lunch and coffee.

to make the most of it, editorially or financially. Last week Murdoch plucked the untripped plum. He waltzed Dolly into an agreement in principle to sell him the *Post* for a sum neither would disclose but which industry insiders estimated to be about \$30 million.

The move stunned New York's other dailies. "It hit us like a ton of bricks," said a top editor of the *News*, which has been considering an afternoon paper of its own. Said A.M. Rosenthal, managing editor of the *Times*, which also eyed the afternoon field nine years ago: "I wouldn't want to say a word about it. We'll have to see." Even at the *Post*, where the staff's only small clue to Schiff's intentions might have been her request last month to see clippings on Murdoch, the announcement came as a surprise. Schiff's editors were not even tipped in time to break the news in her own paper. Said *Village Voice* Senior

Aided by a generally liberal editorial line, the *Post* survived as other New York dailies died one by one.

But its own turn may have been coming. Obsessed with features and columnists, Schiff gave increasingly short shrift to news coverage. Her tightfistedness with the *Post* editorial budget extended to approving all out-of-town trips for reporters. Despite the paper's midday monopoly, circulation and advertising began to dwindle, and the paper has been barely making a profit.

Schiff has dangled the paper before a long procession of prospective buyers. Among them Eleanor Roosevelt, Thread Heir and *Nation* Editor Blair Clark, *Post* Editorial Page Editor James Wechsler, *New York Magazine* Editor Clay Felker. "It's her way of flirting," says Felker. This year she became serious. Among the possible reasons the specter of afternoon competition from

the *News*—or from Murdoch, who had been telling associates he might launch his own New York daily if he could not get the *Post*: Schiff's conclusion that her daughter, *Post* Assistant Publisher Adele Hall Sweet, would never fill her slippers; recent tax-law changes, effective Dec. 31, that would reduce the value of the paper to her estate; and a recent communiqué from Publisher Samuel I. Newhouse that he was not interested in the *Post*, which faces sensitive labor negotiations next year, at any price.

Selling the Farm. Still, why sell to an Australian instead of seeking other American prospects? Some Schiff associates speculate that Murdoch's publishing success and personal vigor remind her of the late Lord Beaverbrook, her fond mentor. But unlike Beaverbrook, who used his newspapers to influence British politics, Murdoch is out to make merry and money. The son of a prominent Australian journalist, Sir Keith Murdoch, Oxford-educated Rupert inherited a lackluster Adelaide daily in 1952 and parlayed it into an empire on three continents that today includes 87 newspapers, eleven magazines, seven broadcast stations, and an airline service. Publicity-shy but grimly determined, Murdoch recently sold his farm outside London to allow more time for newspapering.

Three years ago Murdoch moved his headquarters to Manhattan, took a Fifth Avenue duplex, and enrolled his three children in local private schools. Clay Felker brought Schiff and Murdoch back together again at his home and, over lunch last September, Murdoch made her an offer. "I won't say how much," he says, "but we didn't get around to it until after coffee."

Schiff may have had some misgivings about Murdoch. He is a leading practitioner of what Fleet Street calls the "tits and bums" school of journalism; his London tabloids, the *News of the World* and the *Sun* (combined circ. 9 million), celebrate crime and cheese-cake. In the U.S., Murdoch's three-year-old national *Star* (circ. 1.3 million) is a gaudy but not particularly profitable cousin of the mindless *National Enquirer*, and his San Antonio *Express* and *News* (combined circ. 156,000) is even worse (sample scoops: UNCLE TOM'S TOYS WITH HOT TORK, HANDLESS BODY FOUNDED, GIRLS STREAK AT GUNPOINT). Yet Murdoch also publishes Australia's only national daily, *The Australian*, which at least aspires to quality, and he is currently bidding to buy the respected London *Observer*.

Murdoch convinced Schiff that he would retain the paper's liberal editorial stance, as well as that policy's principal architect, James Wechsler. *Post* employees last week were generally optimistic about Murdoch. "He can't make the pa-

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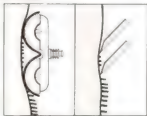
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per any worse," said one reporter. "It has to get better." The staff also hopes that Murdoch will be willing to spend the vast sums necessary to automate the *Post's* outdated production system (a task that would probably involve buying off the paper's tough unions), expand the paper's weak suburban distribution and fatten the editorial budget.

Schiff, who under the purchase agreement will remain as a consultant for five years, is thinking about writing a column for the paper but otherwise

will not discuss her plans. Murdoch is vague about his, but promises no earthquakes. "I don't plan any major changes in the character of the paper," he told *TIME*. "Newspapers must live for the particular community they serve. I publish the *Sun* in London for London. I would never do something like that in New York. We plan to widen and strengthen the *Post*, and to add to the editorial staff. But our first job is to make the paper viable. I wouldn't be buying the *Post* if I didn't think I could do it."



LONDON EVENING STANDARD REPORTER HOSENBALL & FORMER CIA AGENT AGEE



Back Out in the Cold

By his own account, Philip Agee is no stranger to dirty tricks. The author of a 1975 book about the Central Intelligence Agency's clandestine Latin American activities, ex-agent Agee freely admitted his own role in bugging a foreign embassy and planting phony incriminating evidence on a leftist politician who was in disfavor with the CIA. Last week Agee, a resident of Britain for the past four years, claimed that he personally was the target of spookdom's latest dirty trick. Scotland Yard detectives knocked on the door of his Cambridge home and served him with a deportation letter. The charge: consorting with foreign intelligence services and disseminating information harmful to British security.

More surprising, the government at the same time issued a deportation letter against a U.S.-born Fleet Street journalist, Mark Hosenball, who had frequently used Agee as a source of information. Scotland Yard did not detail the charges against Hosenball other than to assert that he had "sought information for publication which would be harmful to state security."

Though the Home Office strongly denied that it had acted under U.S. pressure, the connection was clear enough on Fleet Street, where Agee has long been a ready source of statements critical of the CIA. He promptly charged that the CIA had pressed for his expulsion, claiming that the agency wants to disrupt his current project: a second volume of revelations about his former employer.

Hosenball pronounced himself alto-

gether puzzled by the government's action. He has been a staffer on the respected *Evening Standard* for five months, covering routine local fare. But for three years before that, he worked for London's *Time Out*, a weekly counterculture magazine, and developed a reputation as an effective anti-Establishment reporter. In 1975, for instance, Hosenball published the names and described the activities of CIA employees in Britain. On the basis of that work, the Washington *Post* used Hosenball as a legman on a separate CIA story.

Deportation Letters. Britain's journalists, both foreign and local, were troubled by the precedent set by the deportation letters. In pursuit of stories, many newsmen had dealt with Agee as well as other sources with questionable motives. But the deportations seemed to indicate that the government, not journalists, would decide which sources are proper. The *Evening Standard* editorialized, "It is true that there may be people in journalism, as in politics, whose work is directed against the country's security and well-being. But there is no evidence that Mark Hosenball is one of them." Said Hosenball: "During all the time I was at *Time Out*, the government never complained to me once about what I was writing. So why are they doing this now?"

Several Labor M.P.s have demanded that the charges against Hosenball be aired publicly, but the government motives may never be known. Because the case involves state security, appeal rights are highly limited and the government has no legal obligation to make its reasons public.



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Prize for the Conquerors

The Egyptian Pharaoh Ramses V may have died of it. England's Queen Elizabeth I was so badly stricken at age 29 that she became bald and began wearing red wigs. Even George Washington bore its telltale scars. Their common affliction was smallpox, a fearful scourge with no known cure that until recently still took millions of lives* in Africa, Asia and other parts of the Third World. Now, after perhaps the most extraordinary disease-prevention campaign of all time, it may finally be wiped off the face of the earth.

Prestigious Prize. Last week the public health officers who waged that heroic global effort received one of medicine's highest accolades. The Albert and Mary Lasker Foundation awarded a special prize to the World Health Organization (WHO) in recognition of its decade-long smallpox-eradication program. Even while they were accepting the prestigious \$10,000 award in Manhattan last week, WHO Director-General Halldan Mahler of Denmark and the Cleveland-born chief of the eradication program, Dr. Donald A. Henderson, were in touch with aides in the East African nation of Somalia, where the last two known cases of smallpox were discovered Oct. 29 and Nov. 4. If no further cases are reported, smallpox could become the first disease ever to be totally eradicated by man.

Unlike other viral diseases transmitted by insects, birds or mammals, smallpox is spread by man himself. Its sole

"vector" is a person actually afflicted with the disease, he is contagious only during the four weeks between the appearance of the disfiguring rash and the scaling off of the ugly scabs that form on its pustules. If all those who come in contact with the victim during that period have already been vaccinated or are immune from previous infection, the human transmission chain is broken and the disease is not passed on.

Because of this distinctive characteristic of smallpox, WHO officials realized at the start of their ambitious program in 1967 that they had to locate every victim, keep all of them totally isolated during the infectious period and inoculate as many people as possible in the vicinity. These were formidable goals, and many health authorities were openly skeptical that they could be achieved during WHO's self-imposed timetable of only ten years. In some regions local tribesmen were suspicious of visiting WHO workers; in Ethiopia, two health workers were shot and killed. Some backward people refused to reveal that members of their family had smallpox. One ploy that was successfully used in Bangladesh: a \$17 bounty was given to anyone who reported a case. More often, though, the workers had to make painstaking house-to-house searches to seek out suspected victims.

Moreover, the vaccine had to be specially freeze-dried to survive in the tropics without refrigeration. To administer it effectively—not always an easy task in areas where modern medicine is virtually unknown—WHO used a simple two-pronged needle developed by Wyeth Laboratories. It held just a single drop of vaccine between the points and

could be used to make 15 quick jabs into the skin—a nearly foolproof technique that almost anyone could master.

Still, WHO suffered many setbacks. After a major outbreak in India as late as 1974, some people despaired of ever freeing the subcontinent of smallpox. In East Africa last August, Henderson and his colleagues thought that they had tracked down the last few pockets of the disease in isolated areas of Ethiopia. Then just as they were ready to announce the end of smallpox, they learned of several new cases among nomads in neighboring Somalia. The most recent victim is a 20-year-old woman named Maryam Ali Gureh, who is now recovering under the watchful eye of local WHO officials. If she can be kept from having any contact with unvaccinated people, she may go down in history as the world's last smallpox case.

The foundation gave two other 1976 prizes, also worth \$10,000 each.

► Honored for clinical research were Pharmacologists Raymond P. Ahlquist of the Medical College of Georgia and Dr. J.W. Black of University College of London. Their work led to the development of the drug propranolol (Inderal), which the Lasker jurors, headed by Heart Surgeon Michael DeBakey, hailed as one of the most important drugs of the century for its role in the treatment of high blood pressure (hypertension) and heart disease, the nation's No. 1 killer.

► Cited for basic research was Rosalyn S. Yalow of the Bronx Veterans Administration Hospital, both the first woman and first nuclear physicist to win a Lasker prize. Together with the late Dr. Solomon A. Berson, she developed a sophisticated new tool called radioimmunoassay (RIA) for measuring minus-

*Despite the fact that British Physician Edward Jenner showed in 1796 that the disease could be prevented by inoculation with cowpox serum.

RETOWN/CONA



LASKER WINNER YALOW WITH DeBAKEY; AT LEFT: PAKISTANI VICTIM & MOTHER



cule quantities of pharmacological and biological substances. Using radioactive isotopes as tracers in antigen-antibody reactions, the technique is becoming increasingly important in everything from diagnosing disease to finding poisons in murder victims.

The 30th Fatality

In the very building where the mysterious Legionnaires' Disease may have been contracted, doctors last week gathered for a symposium, eating lunch and sipping beverages, apparently unconcerned about being stricken with the deadly malady. The physicians had assembled in Philadelphia's Bellevue Stratford Hotel not as an act of reckless bravado but to exchange all the latest information about the cause of the ailment that left 29 people dead and struck 151 others last summer after an American Legion convention at the hostelry.

The fact that the doctors were able to enjoy the cuisine and courtesies of the nearly empty hotel without any adverse aftereffects was the only positive note to come out of the meeting; participants agreed that they are as perplexed as ever about the cause of the illness. Despite the efforts of researchers at dozens of laboratories, medical sleuths still cannot say whether the disease was brought on by a toxic substance or some unusual virus—though they appear to have excluded bacteria. Admitted Dr. William E. Parkin, chief epidemiologist of the Pennsylvania state health department: "It may be one year, five years or a hundred years before our technology becomes efficient enough to cope with it."

Shaking Chills. In fact, the investigators learned that the search itself may entail some risks. While examining tissue from a victim last month, Dr. Sheila Moriber Katz, a pathologist at Philadelphia's Hahnemann Medical College and Hospital, became seriously ill with symptoms that looked strikingly like those of Legionnaires' Disease: muscle pain, shaking chills and high fever. Katz's illness was clinically diagnosed as viral pneumonia, and she recovered in time to attend last week's meeting. But try as they might, doctors have been unable to identify the virus that felled her—if it was indeed a virus.

Still, Legionnaires' Disease continued to take its toll. Though evidence implicating the Bellevue Stratford has always been circumstantial at best—for one thing, not all the victims were guests—it was enough to scare off many patrons. Since the summer, the occupancy rate of the "Grand Old Lady of Broad Street," as Philadelphians affectionately call it, had dipped to a disastrous 8%—and losses climbed to \$10,000 a day. Even such gestures as last week's symposium did not help. Indeed, the meeting was really more like a wake. At week's end the Bellevue Stratford closed its doors—thus becoming the 30th fatality of Legionnaires' Disease.

RESPONSE

Died. Louis G. Cowan, 66, former president of CBS-TV and oft-called "father of the quiz show"; and his wife Pauline Cowan, 63, following a flash fire in their apartment, in Manhattan. Cowan created radio's *Quiz Kids* in 1940 and television's phenomenally popular *\$64,000 Question* in 1955. He resigned from CBS in 1959 and, among other things, went on to found Chilmark Press, book publishers, and become a professor at the Columbia School of Journalism.

Died. The Rev. Cyril Richardson, 67, specialist in early Christian literature and history, and a longtime advocate of the ordination of women, following a heart attack, in Manhattan. An Episcopalian, Richardson was a member of the faculty of New York City's Union Theological Seminary from 1934 to 1974. As early as 1951 he argued that the true Christian society was one in which male and female were "complementary to each other" and "equal in the sense that neither has priority."

Died. Jean Gabin, 72, veteran of nearly 100 films and one of France's top box office stars for four decades, following a heart attack, in Neuilly, France. A factory laborer before becoming an actor, Gabin was best known for his low-key portrayals of handsome, earthy loners: the Spanish legionnaire in *La Bandera* (1935), the jewel thief in *Pépé le Moko* (1937), the soldier-mechanic in Jean Renoir's classic, *Grand Illusion* (1937). His memorable later roles included the lawyer who falls in love with a prostitute (Brigitte Bardot) in *Love Is My Profession* (1959). As bourgeois in his private life as he often was on screen, Gabin told a recent interviewer that politicians were "bad actors and dangerous."

Died. Man Ray, 86, American-born artist known as the last of the red-hot Dadas, in Paris. A short, wiry man with penetrating eyes, Ray cultivated a sense of surprise, even contradiction, in his work. He often mocked the traditions of art—and of just about anything else—that stood in the way of what was possibly his greatest creation: his indomitable individuality. A resident of Paris since 1921 (except for a ten-year stretch in Hollywood starting in 1940), Ray was most successful as a photographer. His other work included Rayographs (images made by placing objects directly on photosensitive paper), startling constructions built out of everyday items (such as a flutiron studded with a row of tacks), and paintings, about which he was the most serious. Ray delighted in having no readily identifiable style. "Life is an instant, a one-day insect," he once said. "There's no time to do two things alike."

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ENVIRONMENT

The Gift from the Sun

*And pluck till time and times are done
The golden apples of the sun.*

Long before William Butler Yeats wrote these words, scientists dreamed of harnessing and storing the awesome energy of the sun. For Donald Hyde, a Stow, Mass., manufacturer, and thousands of other Americans, those dreams are becoming a reality. The sun provides most of the heat for Hyde's modern cedar-walled house, keeping its temperature at a comfortable 68° to 70° F during even the coldest days of a New England winter. Solar energy also warms the water in Hyde's 16-ft. by 30-ft., kidney-shaped swimming pool. Putting the sun to work saves Hyde money on his fuel bills. His prototype solar system meets most of the house's space and hot-water heating needs, and cuts his energy bills by about 75%.

No More Ifs. Houses like Hyde's, their sharply pitched roofs covered by glassy-looking solar collectors, are still uncommon but may soon be familiar sights across the nation. On lots from Maine to California, in downtowns as well as rural areas, architects are erecting houses and office buildings designed to capture the sun's radiation for heating purposes. Schools in increasing numbers are also using solar energy to keep classrooms comfortable. The Government is seriously studying ways of using sunshine to generate electricity for utility customers. Though the current high

costs of capturing the sun's energy make it uncompetitive with more conventional fuels, there is no doubt that solar energy is slowly coming of age. "There are no ifs involved with solar energy any more," says Bradley University Professor Y. B. Safdari, who has built a solar house in Eureka, Ill. "It's merely a question of when."

As recently as a decade ago, the whole idea of directly tapping solar energy was considered by many to be little more than a form of permissible id-

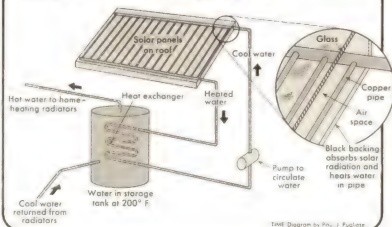
leocy, a harmless pursuit for a handful of engineers and tinkers. Only six years ago, the Federal Government budgeted a mere \$1 million for solar-energy research; this year the sum will be almost \$180 million.

Abundant Energy. The growing popularity—and respectability—of solar-energy systems stems in part from the price of oil, which has quadrupled during the past five years, and is likely to climb still higher after the Organization of Petroleum Exporting Countries (OPEC) meets in December. The prices of natural gas and coal have also increased, and reserves of all three fuels have dwindled, forcing economists to look ahead to the day when they might be unavailable at almost any price. "We eventually will have very little left but solar energy," says Erich Farber of the University of Florida at Gainesville. "Therefore we must learn to convert solar energy into every kind of energy we use in our daily lives." Nuclear-power proponents would disagree with Farber's philosophy, but concerns over safety and rising costs have slowed the rush toward fission power. Nuclear fusion plants, which promise virtually unlimited power, are probably decades away from becoming a reality.

Solar power has many attractions. It produces neither pollution nor radioactivity. It is inexhaustible; the sun is expected to burn with undiminished brightness for billions of years. Finally, it is abundant, though diffuse and difficult to collect. The amount of solar energy reaching the earth averages 126 watts per sq. ft. Even in a northerly location such as Madison, Wis., the amount of solar energy striking an acre of ground is equivalent to 10 bbl. of oil per day, while that hitting a roof is in most cases more than enough to meet the energy needs of the building below.

Solar energy is being tapped in many strange and wondrous ways. In New Mexico, where the sun is seldom ob-

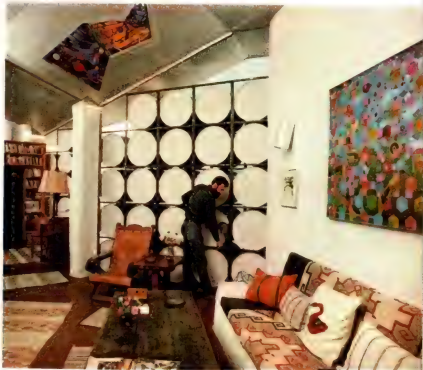
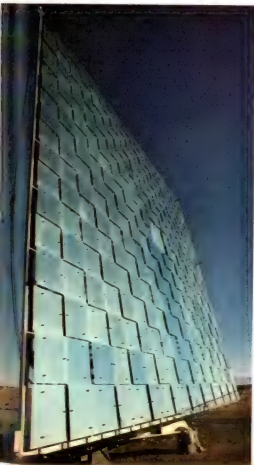
A Solar Heating System



TIME Diagram by Phil J. Fugère



School building catches the sun in rooftop collectors (above); solar furnace in New Mexico focuses sunlight by means of huge mirror (left); inventor Steve Bass stores sun's heat in water-filled barrels (below).



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ENVIRONMENT

scured by clouds. Inventor Steve Baer heats his futuristic-looking home by means of a "passive" solar system that has a minimum of mechanical components. The south-facing walls of Baer's home outside Albuquerque are floor-to-ceiling windows, and behind these glass panels are walls composed of water-filled 55-gal steel drums. The drums absorb the sun's heat by day, radiate it at night when the windows are covered by huge clamshell-like shutters to slow cooling. Similar systems work almost as well in colder climates. In Bedford, N.H., Ralph Tyrrell and Holly Anderson share a three-bedroom house that obtains its heat directly from the sun. South-facing windows catch the sun's rays during the day; foot-thick cement walls absorb heat and help prevent heat loss at night.

Hot Rocks. "Active" systems, which work more like conventional gas or oil heating arrangements, are also becoming popular. George Lof, director of the Solar Energy Applications Laboratory at Colorado State University, uses an original installation in his home in Denver. Lof's house is fitted with plate-type solar collectors, sandwiches of glass and black-painted, heat-absorbing metal that warm trapped air like a series of shallow greenhouses. Fans then force the heated air through ducts to cylinders filled with rocks that hold the heat. When warmth is needed, air from the rooms is circulated through the rocks and directed into the heating ducts.

Other active systems use water or various antifreeze solutions as a heat-conducting medium (see diagram). In Hyde's house, water heated by the sun to around 200 F. is stored in a 2,500-gal. tank. Hot water then circulates through a heat coil over which air is blown by a fan and ducted to every room in the house. At Harry Evans' new home in East Hampton, N.Y., heat from solar panels in the roof is collected in a bin containing 1,000 sealed, plastic bot-

FAMILY FROLICKING IN SOLAR-HEATED POOL



tles of water, which can hold the heat for as long as three sunless days. The system provides between 50% and 75% of Evans' home heating requirements. Alden and Margaret Krider of Manhattan, Kans., have fashioned their own solar collectors from discarded aluminum printing plates, storing solar heat in discarded paint cans filled with water. They are delighted with the results. Says Krider: "Every 1,000 cu. ft. of gas I don't burn now is 1,000 cu. ft. that I or someone else can have in the future."

Power Tower. New York Telephone's central exchange in Cutchogue, N.Y., gets up to 70% of its heat from the 170 solar collectors that cover its roof. Sunlight is expected to provide up to one-third of the energy requirements of the new Norris Cotton Federal Building in Manchester, N.H. The sun also warms most of the hot water for a 10-story high-rise apartment for the elderly in Brookline, Mass.

The practicality of photovoltaic cells—thin sandwiches of silicon or metals that generate current when struck by light—has been amply demonstrated by the space program. Solar cells power satellites that orbit the earth and drive the instruments on the Viking orbiters currently circling Mars. They are used on earth to power digital watches, remote weather stations and navigation buoys at sea, and may some day save gasoline. Researchers at the University of Florida have outfitted an experimental Volkswagen bus with an electric motor that runs on batteries charged by current generated by solar cells.

At Odeillo, in the Pyrenees, French officials have constructed a parabolic mirror half the size of a football field (TIME, May 18, 1970) that focuses the sun's rays on a single point. The solar furnace has already been used to melt tungsten, which must be heated to nearly 6,000 F. before it liquefies, and has also been used to test boilers for a power-generating plant. The Energy

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ENVIRONMENT

Research and Development Administration (FRDA) is planning to fund an experimental program in which 100 acres of mirrors would direct sunlight at a "tower of power," where the sun's rays would be concentrated and used to heat water in a boiler, thus generating steam for a turbine. FRDA believes such an arrangement could generate up to 10,000 kw., or enough to supply a town of 5,000 to 10,000 people with electricity.

Engineers at NASA have gone even further, embracing an idea originally proposed by Peter Glaser of the Cambridge, Mass., consulting firm Arthur D Little, Inc. He suggested mounting huge arrays of solar cells on a space satellite that would be exposed to sunlight for almost 24 hours a day. The cells would generate electricity that could be beamed to a ground receiver in the form of microwaves, then transformed back into electrical current for transmission to power customers.

Sun Rights. The major obstacles to any of these far-out schemes are more economic than technological. Harnessing solar energy is currently far more costly than burning fossil fuels. FRDA estimates that tower-supplied electricity would cost from six to ten times more than electric power generated from fossil fuels. Electricity from solar cells, which costs from 50 to 100 times as much as that produced by more conventional means, is still far too costly for anything except specialized applications. Even home heat tends to be uneconomical for widespread use. A solar heating system adds from \$5,000 to \$10,000 to the cost of a new house, an investment that could take from ten to 20 years to amortize at current fuel prices. Says an FRDA official simply, "The economics are not good."

Other problems stand in the way of large-scale conversion to solar energy. Engineers have yet to figure out effective ways to store heat from the sun for more than three days or to tap solar energy for power production without filling huge tracts of land with reflectors or photovoltaic cells. Even legal technicalities must be resolved before use of solar energy can become practical. A study by Arthur D Little suggests that the courts might be required to decide whether everyone has an equal right to sunlight, a question that will certainly arise the first time someone tries to put up a building that casts a shadow on a neighbor's solar collector.

With all of these obstacles yet to be overcome, FRDA does not expect solar power to provide more than 7% of U.S. energy needs during the next quarter-century, or even as much as 25% by the year 2020. But solar radiation may yet become a major means of meeting the needs of the earth for energy. Regardless of how great they may be, the earth's supplies of coal, oil and natural gas are finite. Long after these resources have been exhausted, the sun's golden apples will still be ripe for harvesting.

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VALERIE PERRINE AND FRIEND MISTY TAKE A BOUNCY WALK ON THE WILD SIDE

Singer **Charles Aznavour** sawed ample Actress **Raquel Welch** in half. Kootchy-Kootchy Girl **Chero** cavorted with trained sea lions. The occasion: a French-American amateur-circus gala in Santa Monica, Calif., held to raise money for a pair of show business charities. During rehearsals, the big top's top attraction promised to be Actress **Valerie Perrine** riding a 2½-ton elephant named **Misty**. As Perrine and pachyderm practiced, **Misty** got rambunctious and almost turned the startled actress into a barefront rider. No matter: "I adore **Misty**. I wish I could buy an elephant," gushed Valerie. "Just one more picture and I could swing it."

Arizona Democrat **Mo Udall** will not be waving to crowds on Inauguration Day, and not just because he lost his bid for a presidential nomination. Spending his first full weekend this year at his suburban Washington house, Udall decided to make some overdue repairs to a faulty roof gutter. On his way

aloft his metal ladder slipped, dumping the Congressman more quickly than a campaign promise. Udall broke both forearms and chipped a bone in his left wrist. "It's not been my year," lamented **Mo** later, both arms in casts. "All I need now is to get swine flu, have my wife run off with **Ronald Reagan** and then have my house burn down on Christmas Eve."

There were a few other bad breaks last week. While gardening on her Beverly Hills estate, Actress **Katharine Hepburn** stepped into a hole and fractured her ankle in three places. After missing three performances of *A Matter of Gravity* in Los Angeles, Troupier **Katie** returned to work in a wheelchair. Heavyweight Boxer **Jerry Quarry**, whose pickup truck rolled when it should have weaved, fractured two vertebrae and will be wearing a steel corset for at least six weeks. Finally, Actor **Gene Hackman** lay in a London hospital, undergoing treatment for a bruised sciatic nerve in his



JULIE NEWMAR AS BUTTERFLY

back. **Hackman** took a fall while filming a Foreign Legion adventure called *March or Die*. His horse was frightened by a camel.

One observer in mufti said it looked like "a college mixer on Mars." "Illusions," a fund-raising costume ball for Manhattan's Harkness Ballet Foundation, attracted 600 guests, including a walking Brillo pad, a spangled birdwoman and an elephantman with a trunk like a phallus. Among the party poppers, Actress **Julie Newmar**, who came barely disguised as a butterfly. "I thought it best not to be totally naked," confided Julie. "Just half-naked."

That caped cavalier in the knee boots and curls is **Rex Harrison**, all dressed up like French Minister Colbert in his current film *Behind the Iron Mask*. The picture, which is being made in Vienna, is based on the Alexandre Dumas story of rival twin brothers, swashbuckling musketeers and beautiful maidens. Among the maidens is Dutch-born **Sylvia Kristel**, whose face and other features graced the 1974 soft-porn picture *Emmanuelle*. This time Sylvia keeps her shirt on, however, which might account

PEOPLE



HARRISON ASWASH IN VIENNA

for Rex's gentlemanly critique of his co-star. "I admire Miss Kristel for her education," he says. "She is supposed to be almost a chartered accountant."

Tennis Ace **Jimmy Connors**, who has been playing doubles off-court with former Miss World **Marjorie Wallace**, leans toward "ladies with very smooth, very soft skin whom I can nestle up to and cuddle with." Actor **Roger Moore** says, "A woman is good if she doesn't argue." **Elliott Gould** doesn't "see how a woman can be bad in bed—if she shows up." The question posed to all three, *What Makes A Woman G.I.B.** ("good in bed"), is the title of a forthcoming book and an excerpted article in the December



SOFT, CUDDLY MARJORIE WALLACE

Viva by former BBC TV Reporter Wendy Leigh. "Glamour and beauty" have nothing to do with bedded bliss, insists **Richard Burton**, two-time ex-husband of **Liz Taylor**. "A woman is good if you can talk to her, but more important, if you can laugh with her afterward." Not all the 58 men quoted in *Viva* found the subject stimulating. Said **Warren Beatty**: "I think that is a terrible question."

In the 1950s he spent his time barking into a police-car radio on TV's *Highway Patrol*. Twenty years later **Broderick Crawford**, 64, has moved up to a desk job as the famed FBI chief in an upcoming film, *The Private Files of J. Edgar Hoover*. "It's unauthorized and uncensored," growls Crawford of the script. "But it's true. I couldn't care less if the FBI wants to look me up. I'm free and clear." Gotcha, Brod. Fen-four

BROD TAKES ON J. EDGAR



ALFRED EISENSTAEDT'S KISSINGER

After being photographed with **Mia Farrow** and their young family, **Andre Previn** called him "the only man who can discuss Prokofiev and take pictures of five children at the same time." **T.S. Eliot** found him "acrobatic." **Robert Graves** lauded his "invisibility." In short, Photojournalist **Alfred Eisenstaedt**, who is still clicking his shutter at 77, does whatever is needed to get the pictures he wants. The results are evident in a delightful new book titled *Eisenstaedt's Album: Fifty Years of Friends and Acquaintances*. *Eisic*, it turns out, has been gathering souvenir autographs from his lens subjects since he joined the original staff of *Life* magazine in 1936, and hundreds of them appear in the book. **Robert Frost** scribbled a poem. **Salvador Dali**, **Walt Disney** and **Andrew Wyeth** drew sketches. Among the photographs: Secretary of State **Henry Kissinger** as a workaholic in the White House barbershop in 1972. "I wanted to take it there because other people snooze or do nothing when their hair is being cut," explains *Eisic*. "I'd been told Kissinger was busy all the time."

"What, am I going to retire and go to Florida?" scoffed Drama Guru **Lee Strasberg** amid the hoopla over his 75th birthday. In fact, the mentor to scores of Academy Award nominees is preparing for his own third screen role, in a movie tentatively titled *Brighton Beach*. As head of Manhattan's renowned Actors Studio for 28 years, Strasberg has tutored such thespians as **Marlon Brando**, **Paul Newman** and **Shelley Winters**. His favorite pupil? "**Marilyn Monroe**," answered Strasberg thoughtfully. "She was a great star, but she did not achieve the fullness of her talent. She acted for us in *Anna Christie*, she did a scene from *Streetcar*. It's a great tragedy that the public was not able to see her with the talent that we saw."



PICNICKER DENUDES STEER BONE

Spoiling the Broth

EATING IN AMERICA

by WAVERLEY ROOT and

RICHARD DE ROCHÉMONT

512 pages. Morrow, \$16.95.

In France, cooking has been described as the art of making leftovers taste good. In America, cooking is usually considered a chore, not an art, and leftovers are to be swallowed with one's pride. But 400 years on the alimentary canal is not a long stretch for the development of a national cuisine. Europeans had more than twice that long. The Chinese have had millenniums. Instead of time, Americans have had abundance—and a level of consumption triumphantly buoyed up by waste. In *Eating in America* the authors offer ample evidence of the relationship between waste and taste.

Buffalo Tongue. The book is a social history of New World food from Indian pemmican and succotash to the TV Dinner. Its basic approach is a soup-to-nuts chronology, including chapters on restaurants, drinking habits and "The Great American Sweet Tooth." Sweetness, the authors argue, is a dominant flavor on the national palate partly traceable to England where treacle tarts are frequently washed down with heavily sugared tea. The Pilgrim forebears sat down to Thanksgiving dinners that were liberally drenched in maple syrup.

The staggering abundance of the American continent invited squandering—and it was not necessarily a paleface invention. Indians of the Pacific Northwest conducted potlatches—orgies of eating, gift giving and the willful

destruction of their own property. The more a man could part with, the greater his status. The prairies and the plains were once horizon-to-horizon bison. The animals were obliterated partly to feed railroad workers but mostly for sport or to furnish the rich with carriage robes and the novelty of nibbling on buffalo tongue. Great clouds of passenger pigeons were peeled from the sky with shotguns or simply captured by hand on their nightly roosts. The last of the species, once estimated to number 9 billion, died at the Cincinnati zoo in 1914.

A plenitude of wild game, the authors point out, gave Americans their insatiable meat tooth—they average nearly 200 lbs. a year per person. Even the once numerous Hudson River sturgeon were called "Albany beef." With

woods and waters full of food, many early settlers found little incentive to farm. Besides, farms were fixed targets for marauding Indians. Pigs, which foraged for themselves, were easier to raise. As a result, by the 19th century salt pork became a staple at breakfast, lunch and supper. With the exception of Indian corn and potatoes, fruits and vegetables tended to be shunned as unhealthy, the principal cause of gastroenteritis.

The invention of the icebox in 1803, the opening of the Erie Canal in 1825, and the development of the vacuum-sealed Mason jar in 1858 widened the variety and availability of foodstuffs. Still, little was known about nutrition. Food was food, "one universal aliment," a generalized fuel for the body. The first reformers were not dietitians but moralists who seemed to harbor some squeamishness about the sensuous pleasures of eating. Believing that meat made for hot tempers and sexual excess, the Rev. Sylvester Graham urged the eating of raw fruits and vegetables, food not "compounded and complicated by culinary process." Man should eat food the way God grew it, untouched even by salt and pepper, which, Graham claimed, could cause insanity. For that reason he opposed removing the bran from wheat and, for reasons that had more to do with conscience than science, became one of the first modern health-food faddists, the advocate of graham flour who gave his name to a cracker.

Alimentary evangelism had many well-known preachers. In the mid-1800s the Rev. Henry Ward Beecher and his sisters Catherine and Harriet sermonized against bread made from bleached

flour. "What had been the staff of life for countless ages," said Beecher, "had become a weak crutch." Bad morals went with a bad diet, according to Mrs. Horace Mann, who in 1861 published her cookbook *Christianity in the Kitchen*. A fruitful wedding of faith, faddism and free enterprise was not long in coming. As early as 1866, Dr. John Harvey Kellogg, manager of a Battle Creek sanatorium, was prescribing generous doses of bran, which he claimed "does not irritate. It titillates." Kellogg and his family went on to make it big in cornflakes, while one of his ulcer patients, Charles Post, invented the coffee substitute Postum and a dry breakfast cereal he called Elijah's Manna. The name was later changed to Grape-Nuts.

Ardent Spirits. Yet to most Americans good eating continued to mean an abundance of meat and strong drink. Early European visitors to America noted that "whiskey was the American wine," drunk diluted with all meals and in between by adults and children alike. Excessive, indiscriminate tipping eventually led to the passage of Prohibition, which the authors argue set back the development of American wine. Yet the nation's most famous glutton spurned ardent spirits for orange juice and lemon pop. Tales of Diamond Jim Brady's Gay Nineties gorging at Delmonico's in New York are not only legendary but

KELOGG JOGGING AT 90



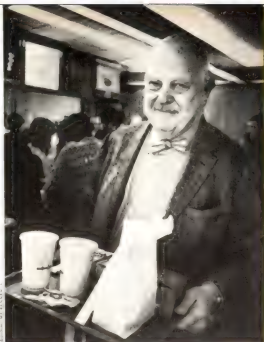
BOOKS

hard to believe. Is it possible that one man could have eaten at one sitting the following: two to three dozen giant oysters, half a dozen crabs, two bowls of green turtle soup, six lobsters, two portions of terrapin, two ducks, one sirloin steak plus vegetables, and a tray of French pastry (size unknown)? It is difficult to know if this was breakfast, lunch or supper, for Brady reputedly ate six times a day.

Authors Waverley Root and Richard de Rochemont, both experienced food writers (De Rochemont is also a movie producer), are primarily interested in quality rather than quantity. Their bias is clearly Continental but



DIAMOND JIM BETWEEN MEALS



GOURMET JAMES BEARD AT McDONALD'S



IDEALIZED PAINTING OF PILGRIMS FEEDING INDIANS AT THE FIRST THANKSGIVING
From pemmican to TV Dinners: a relationship between waste and taste.

they are not snobs. They can generalize that American cooking is basically overcooked and underseasoned, but they also discriminate between cuisine and good cooking—especially food with ethnic influences like Tex-Mex, creole and soul.

Different regions have their own special flavor or lack of it. "Gastronomically," say the authors, "the United States gained little when it hurried Nevada into the Union in 1864." But they are not sanguine. The essence of good cooking—and good eating—is fresh ingredients. But as food production continues to be industrialized, the use of additives, artificial flavors and totally synthetic foods will undoubtedly continue to rise. To quote Andy Warhol, whose own work has provided so much junk food for thought: "Progress is very important and exciting in everything but food. When you say you want an orange you don't want someone asking you, 'An orange what?'"

Yet Root and De Rochemont are seasoned enough to realize that all generalizations about the nation's eating habits tend to melt in the great Amer-

ican maw. With Mom and Dad reading Julia Child and James Beard, and the kids hankering to pop down to the local fast-food franchise, would there be anything strange about *monnaie grand veuf* on Saturday night and *boeuf grand mac* on Sunday? **R. Z. Sheppard**

Are You There?

THE LETTERS OF VIRGINIA WOOLF, VOLUME II
1912-1922

Edited by NIGEL NICOLSON and JOANNE TRAUTMANN
627 pages, Harcourt Brace Jovanovich,
\$14.95.

Between 1912 and 1922 Virginia Woolf wrote two novels, *Night and Day* and *Jacob's Room*, which secured her reputation and revised a third *The Waves*. She almost weekly she reviewed for the *Times Literary Supplement* composing superb little essays. She married Leonard Woolf ("Precious Mongoose" in her letters) and with him founded the Hogarth Press, for which she functioned as chief talent scout and reader of manu-

scripts as well as typesetter (on the dining-room table). During this decade the press published, among other titles, *Prelude* by Katherine Mansfield, *Poems* by T. S. Eliot and *Story of the Siren* by E. M. Forster.

As part of her professional discipline, Woolf began and sustained a writer's diary, brushed up on her Latin, and undertook to learn Russian. For recreation this intensely introspective yet active woman walked, skated and rode horseback. She managed a town and a country house and, in Nigel Nicolson's phrase, led a "scintillating social life." When she had nothing else to do, she typed manuscripts for her friend Lytton Strachey (*Eminent Victorians*) or scurried to raise a fund of £500 a year to free T. S. Eliot from his job at the bank. Despite this hectic, variegated life, she wrote up to six letters a day.

Surely these letters would bear witness to a woman of brilliance, possibly genius. There are, in fact, marvelously unmodified capsule comments on her reading. She devoured *Crime and Punishment* on her honeymoon, lying on a sofa nibbling chocolates and she kept reading and judging—nonstop it seemed—happily ever after. While Dostoevsky was nonpareil, others came off less fortunately. Conrad the letter reader learns, was a "distant admiration." Joyce was a doubtful quantity. "I don't know that he's got anything very interesting to say." Henry James emerged as "faintly tinged rose water." Ezra Pound was "humbog." Aldous Huxley, in spats and grey trousers, "proved eminently resistible." The elegant aphorist Logan Pearsall Smith left an impression of "perfect sentences of English prose served up in a muffin dish, over a bright fire, with the parrot on a perch."

Yet a great many of these letters consist of a kind of British banter-

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BOOKS

chatter. The author of the shimmeringly exquisite *Waves*, writing to her artist-sister Vanessa Bell, natters on endlessly about the servant problem, her dog Shot, the difficulties of choosing chair covers, the advisability of drinking plenty of milk, and the jolly monotony of life in the Sussex country ("Leonard caught two moles this morning"). Deeper feelings blurt through only in a sentence here and there ("Nothing except painting and writing is really interesting... nothing can be quite so important as child bearing"). Such revelations are surrounded like desert islands by a sea of gossip: "Lord Esher has forbidden Brett to live with Gertler... Fame has come to me with her arms full. Lady Colefax has invited me to tea... There's Kitty Maxse falling over the bannister and killing herself."

Yet Woolf could write, "Life would split asunder without letters." Who can doubt that the author of 4,000 of them meant it? There is a craving to these letters—an almost palpable need to reach out and touch. Taken as a whole, they constitute a ritual against loneliness, a message in a bottle repeating with a hundred only apparently casual variations. "I'm here. Are you there?"

In a letter to a struggling young writer, Gerald Brenan, Virginia Woolf dropped her entertaining-letter-writer mask to confess: "I am doubtful whether people, the best disposed toward each other, are capable of more than an intermittent signal as they forge past." Here is the essential theme of Woolf's novels, with their dream-sense of human beings as interior space floating down the corridors of a world of bewitched objects. The letters—fascinating for what they don't say, can't say—reveal between the lines the author living out her own theme.

Melvin Maddocks

Best Sellers

FICTION

- 1—*Sleeping Murder*, Christie (1 last week)
- 2—*Trinity, Urs* (2)
- 3—*Storm Warning*, Higgins (4)
- 4—*Slapstick*, Vonnegut (3)
- 5—*Blue Skies, No Candy*, Greene (6)
- 6—*Dolores*, Susann (5)
- 7—*Lovers and Tyrants*, Gray (10)
- 8—*Tough Nat the Cat*, Stewart (7)
- 9—*Ceremony of the Innocent*, Caldwell (9)
- 10—*The Users*, Haber

NONFICTION

- 1—*Roots*, Haley (1)
- 2—*Passages*, Sheehy (2)
- 3—*Your Erroneous Zones*, Dyer (4)
- 4—*The Right and the Power*, Jaworski (3)
- 5—*Adolf Hitler*, Toland (5)
- 6—*The Grass Is Always Greener Over the Septic Tank*, Bambeck (7)
- 7—*Blind Ambition*, Dean (6)
- 8—*Blood and Money*, Thompson (8)
- 9—*The Hite Report*, Hite
- 10—*To Jerusalem and Back*, Sellow

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CINEMA

The Upper Depths

NETWORK

Directed by SIDNEY LUMET

Screenplay by PADDY CHAYEFSKY

What a loopy enterprise *Network* is! The production is designed, directed and acted with earnest, not to say dogged realism. The audience is asked to believe that people working inside the television oligopoly scheme to advance their corporate positions with such melodramatic abandon that their behavior constitutes not just an affront to traditional moral standards but clear and present danger to democratic society. Yet the plot that Paddy Chayefsky has concocted to prove this point is so crazily postposterous that even in post-Watergate America—where we know that bats can get loose in the corridors of power—it is just impossible to accept.

Here is just a sampling of what he asks the viewer to believe that the anchor man of a mythical network's evening news (Peter Finch), about to be fired for low ratings, would inform his audience that in a week he will blow his brains out on-camera; that network executives would allow him back on the air in order to make a somewhat more dignified exit and then, when he crosses them up and announces that his trouble is that he has "run out of bullshit," they would not instantly cut him off the

air; that the resulting publicity would cause the network to reverse its decision and put the man on as a regularly scheduled *Mad Prophet* of the airways; that emboldened by this success, the executives would grant a weekly slice of prime time to a revolutionary group something like the Symbionese Liberation Army so they can stage their heists before a slack-jawed mass audience; that meantime the *Mad Prophet* would be taken over by a conglomerateur and become an apologist for multinational capitalism; that this development would cause another ratings crisis and that his network employers, unable to fire him because they too are owned by the conglomerate biggy, would arrange for their revolutionaries to rub the *Prophet* out in mid-diatribe, thus mercifully bringing him and the film to an end.

Real Life. What is one to say? That the kind of corporate shenanigans detailed in *Network* have public consequences, and that someone—the FCC, those concerned ladies up in Boston—would raise a hue and cry about the odd programming coming out of the tube? That in real life, network executives tend to err on the side of timidity rather than on the side of even innovation, let alone the sort of madcap invention Chayefsky has them endorse here? That realism is fatal to the kind of social-science fiction he has written? That he might have got away with his jeremiad had he set it in the future and pretended it was a projection of what might happen if certain current trends go unchecked? All of that is true enough, but the real problem is that Chayefsky has betrayed his own trust instinct about the medium. At one point he has William Holden, the news executive who functions as the movie's superego, inform Faye Dunaway, the ratings-mad exec who is its id, that the trouble with TV is that it reduces everything to banality. That may well be true. But at every turn Chayefsky's plot invests television with a sinister power to cloud men's minds, not through stupefying reductionism but by heated exaggeration. In short, his fable does not fit the facts observable nightly in the living room.

But having said all this, one must make a final admission about *Network*: There is a lunatic energy about it. Every once in a while, Chayefsky abandons the struggle to dramatize his ideas and has somebody, usually Holden, just turn to the camera and spout off. In those moments, his concern—and sometimes his mother wit—comes blazing through and the picture takes on a life not found in safe, sane, well-calculated movies. There are not enough of these moments to save the picture, but they do make one eager for the writer's first effort in what is surely his true métier—the pamphlet.

Richard Schickel



GIANNINI & ANTONELLI IN SEX

Selected Appetizers

HOW FUNNY CAN SEX BE?

Directed by DINO RISI

Screenplay by RUGGERO MACCARI

Silly, dirty and about as broad as your grandpa's barn door, *How Funny Can Sex Be?* has turned out to be one of the few successful foreign films of the year. Full of coarse-ground jokes about some of the more unlikely vicissitudes of love, Italian-style, the film is turning a neat dollar apparently because of, not despite, its defects. The sex in this movie may not be very funny, but it is bawdy enough to be naughty without being graphic enough to offend. In other words, it is a safe sex comedy.

The movie gets a charge from the high-voltage presence of Giancarlo Giannini, Director Lina Wertmüller's favorite actor (*Seven Beauties*; *Sweet Away*). Here, with rambunctious energy, Giannini assumes roles in eight separate vignettes, playing everything from a lawyer hung up on dowagers to a simple, wistful yokel who unknowingly arranges an assignation with a transvestite. His partner in most of these episodes is a young Italian actress, Laura Antonelli, who, in a more innocent time, might have been called a lollapalooza. Antonelli has the face of a ravished angel, the shape of legend.

Her form and presence are well exploited here, although modesty at one point combines with technical ineptness to produce an awkward effect. In a dream sequence, Antonelli appears, dressed in a nun's habit of sheerest gossamer, running toward the camera in slow motion. This affords a welcome opportunity to examine the female form in motion, a salutary study quickly spoiled by the sight of gauze, securely fastened by surgical tape, covering the actress's privates. Soft-core security measures such as this may destroy even the most innocent reveries, but conclusively demonstrate that Antonelli, underneath it all, is just an old-fashioned girl.

Jay Cocks

FINCH RAVES IN NETWORK



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Karajan: A New Life

Among the three international superstars of conducting, Sir Georg Solti and Leonard Bernstein are almost overly familiar to audiences in the U.S. Herbert von Karajan is a more remote, elusive figure. In 1955 he was appointed conductor for life of the Berlin Philharmonic, one of the finest orchestras in the world. In the years since, he has exercised complete control over its rehearsals, working conditions, personnel and guest artists. Today he can say: "I cannot now blame anybody else for not getting the results I want. No excuses. If it's wrong, it's entirely my fault—and that is my greatest joy."

If right, that is his fault and joy too. Such was the case last week as Karajan brought off a bravura musical marathon in New York's Carnegie Hall. In four successive days he unraveled the musical and spiritual mysteries of Brahms' *A German Requiem*, the Beethoven *Ninth Symphony*, a double bill of the Mozart *Requiem* and Bruckner *Te Deum* and the Verdi *Requiem Mass*. Each of these is a work of immense proportions requiring time and money as well as skill to prepare. The average orchestra in the U.S. will usually do one such score a year. As the world of music has known for a quarter of a century, there is nothing average about Karajan. For this occasion he brought with him not only the Berlin Philharmonic, but 150 members of the Vienna Singverein, a superbly responsive chorus that at various times in its 118-year history has been led by Berlioz, Liszt and Brahms.

So What? As conductors go—and they do go: into their 70s, 80s, even 90s—Karajan at 68 is a comparative youngster. But following serious surgery for a slipped disc last year, his four-day concert of masterpieces seemed all the more remarkable. He takes no medicine and still experiences pain. In an infrequent interview, with *TIME* Music Critic William Bender, he dispatched the subject of pain fast: "So what? I had a long time to think during seven weeks in the hospital. Now everything is such a joy, the bread I eat, every step. It's a new life."

In the arts it is always risky to equate states of mind with states of body, but Karajan's music did have a new intensity and purposefulness to it. Indeed, Karajan seemed at the peak of his interpretive power. As the slender, autocratic figure took the podium, one missed the old athletic spring. But not in the music. In fact, one could not detect any of the attenuated striving for effect, rather than meaning, that has marred many of Karajan's recordings in the past five years or so.

The Verdi *Requiem* was a marvel

of controlled fervor. Soprano Mirella Freni's concluding *Libera me* had a rare blend of sweetness and power. The Brahms *Requiem* seemed cut from velvet rather than the usual broadcloth. Karajan's reading was a subdued rumination, a realization of the deeply personal utterance the composer drew from the Lutheran Bible. In the elegiac "And ye now therefore have sorrow," Soprano Leontyne Price seemed to distill grief and comfort into a burnished flow of melody.

No Tricks. For the Mozart *Requiem*, Karajan opted convincingly for a large symphonic approach, sweeping the music along with crisp rhythms and an ingenious succession of tempos. Bruckner's *Te Deum* has a peculiarly spare, even austere ring; Karajan caught that quality by the simple expedient of exposing all its modal harmonies and laying out its violent cross-rhythms firmly and precisely. Best of all perhaps was the Beethoven *Ninth*. This was one of those uncommon moments in which the strictest adherence to the letter of the score had a liberating effect. Rarely has the scherzo been taken at such a whirlwind pace; rarely has its tricky beat sounded so clearly.

It was the sort of mini-festival that Karajan could take pride in. In the currents of sound at Carnegie could be found not only a forceful musical personality but a remarkably complete one: a man's genius, his scholarship, his temper, his power to charm and the wide range of comparative musical judgments he has formed over a lifetime. He discounts the role of inspiration. "I don't believe in it," he says. "You have to work first. No decisions had to be made when we were pressed for time. After all, I wanted to enjoy it."

There was a time when life was not so well ordered. In the 1950s Karajan's guiding hand could be found simultaneously at the Vienna State Opera, the Salzburg Festival, La Scala, London's Philharmonia Orchestra and the Berlin Philharmonic. Says he: "I had to do it because I wanted to see what the limits were, and what was nearest to my heart."

Life is simpler for Karajan now. He is a proud and private family man. Leaving the stage after every tumultuous Carnegie ovation, he looked up to the box where his third wife Eliette and their daughters Isabel, 16, and Arabel, 12, stood in rapt admiration.

He is not about to retire to a hearth. Karajan is a burgeoning one-man empire, pulling in a reported \$2 million a year. He is constantly in recording studios; next year his third complete recording of Beethoven's symphonies will



KARAJAN TEACHING AT JULIARD
No one lifts the horse.

be released. Then there are the hours spent in film labs working on prints or video tapes of his concert and operatic productions. When he is not filming operas, he is conducting them at the Salzburg Easter Music Festival.

He lives well off the fruits of all this labor. He owns a house in St.-Moritz, rents others in St.-Tropez and Anif, near Salzburg. After his back surgery, he can again pilot a jet (a new Dassault Falcon 10). "The joy of flying has nothing to do with speed," he remarks. "You prepare and do well at the moment. There is enormous satisfaction in organization. That is why I don't play cards. I am afraid when you cannot foresee the outcome."

Karajan's own foundations, which train young musicians and make advanced experiments in acoustical research, are his investment in the future of music. He frets about young singers with beautiful voices and no guidance: "Once the Italian maestros developed singers, but they are gone now."

With all his activities, Karajan can still offer the advice: "Keep one thing in life and forget everything else," and mean it. For him it is "that wall to lean my back on," the Berlin Philharmonic. Such is the trust between Karajan and his musicians that he often conducts with his eyes closed. "I can feel the players better," he says. He gives few entry cues and the vaguest of cutoff gestures. Explains Karajan: "Baton technique is what the people see, but it is all nonsense. The hands do their job because they have learned what to do. In the performance I forget about them. The molding comes when the orchestra and conductor come together in a sort of union. Things happen that are too delicate for words. It is the music that takes

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TOURANGEAU & SUTHERLAND IN MASSENET'S *ESCLARMONDE* AT METROPOLITAN OPERA
Lohengrin's dilemma, Tristan's theme and lustrous, sensuous sound.

you away. It is mystical: you are so concentrated you forget everything else."

The concerts finished, Karajan moved over to New York's Juilliard School to give a three-part master class for aspiring conductors. Pausing during a rapid-fire series of prickly comments ("I am not here to teach you tricks"), he recalled the days when he was a child taking riding lessons. On the night before his first jump he was sleepless with worry. "How can I lift this enormous thing up into the air and over the fence?" I thought to myself. Then I realized no one lifts the horse. You set it in the right position and it lifts itself. The orchestra will do the same thing."

Movie Music

The shelves of possible Bellini and Donizetti operas must be getting bare; the new trend in vehicles for the box office sopranos may well be little-known French operas. Along with one fragile masterpiece, *Manon*, Jules Massenet wrote several operas that fit this description. After 87 years, one of them, *Esclarmonde*, has just made its Metropolitan Opera debut as a vehicle for Joan Sutherland. The title character is a Byzantine Empress with magical powers, and after hearing the music, one can only wish that she had used her sorcery to summon up a different show—*Rigoletto*, maybe.

The plot has to do with the gentle *Esclarmonde*'s efforts to win her elusive beloved, the French knight Roland. Her plans are hampered by geography and a few other cumbersome details: the old Emperor, who abdicated in *Esclarmonde*'s favor, conferred his wizardly powers upon her on condition that she remain veiled to all men until a suit-

able warrior consort is found for her.

Sound familiar? There are suggestions of Brünnhilde's dilemma here, and certainly Lohengrin's. These similarities would not much matter if the music had independent life. Instead, the score is a shameless pastiche, something that Erich Korngold, the peerless artificer of movie music, would have deeply appreciated. Wagner (including an outright steal of Tristan's theme for Roland), Meyerbeer, Offenbach, all emerge from the pit. The vocal music is lifted mostly from Berlioz, who wrote wonderfully sensuous love duets. The pity is that in *Manon*, Massenet created an ineffable erotic style of his own.

Bins of Beads. The revival of *Esclarmonde* is the idea of Richard Bonynge. Over the years he has earned grudging respect from critics for his workmanlike conducting, but his real talent is in finding music that will show in some new way his wife Joan Sutherland's extraordinary voice. There are few coloratura fireworks in *Esclarmonde*. One hears instead her middle-high range—lustrous, dusky, moving seamlessly between registers. No other singer could bring this music so close to distinction. Among the other principals, Mezzo Huguette Tourangeau, as the Empress' sister, sang with impeccable French style. The sets by Beni Montresor consist mostly of scrim and drops on which light shows swirl. To fashion his opulent costumes, the garment district must have emptied its bins of beads.

It all makes for a drowsy, pretty evening. But it is time for Bonynge to get out of the archives. With *Esclarmonde* he revealed the rich sensuality in Sutherland's voice. Why not give her a real part, like the Marchallin in *Der Rosenkavalier*?

Martha Duffy

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